HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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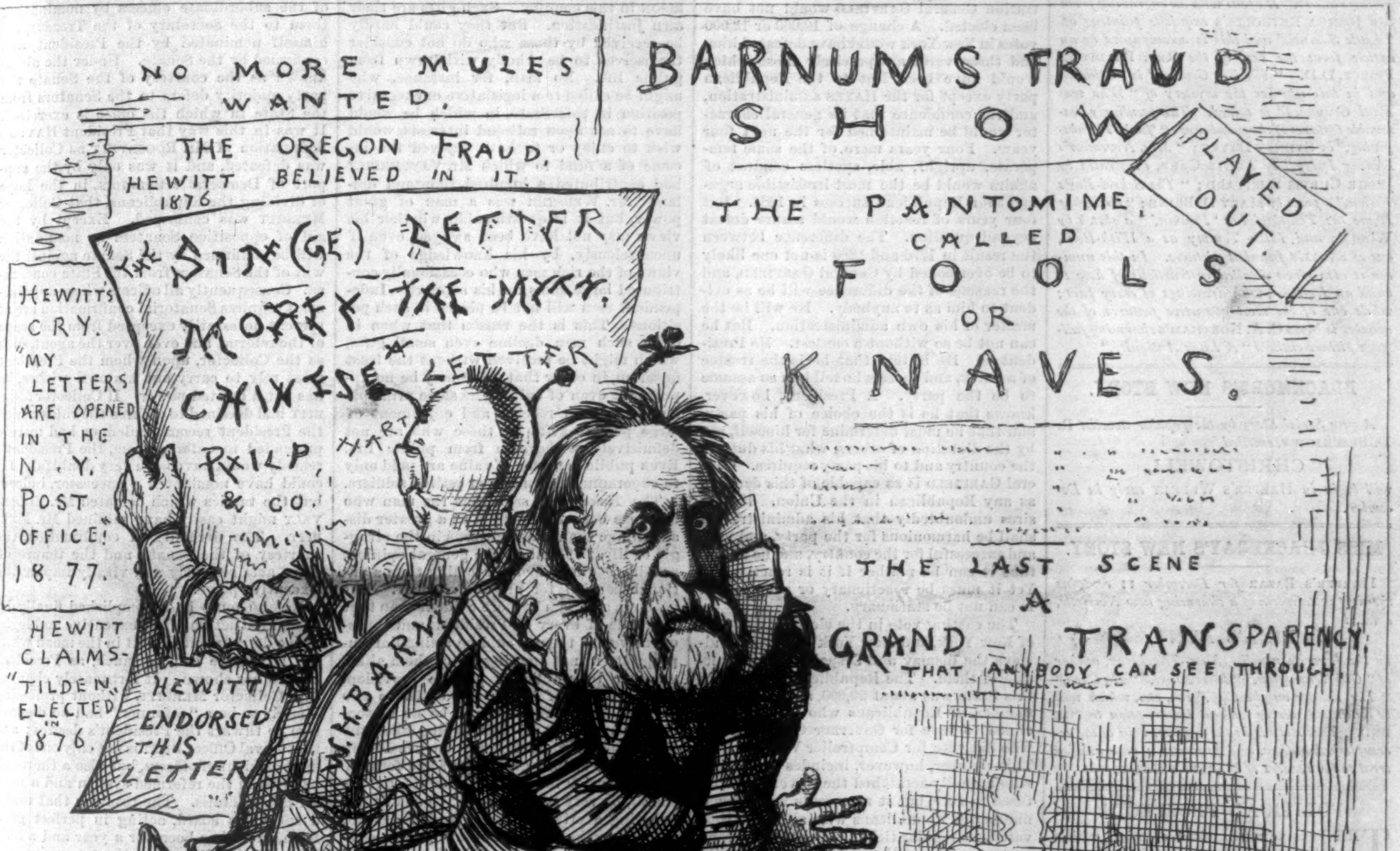

NO MORE MULES WANTED.
THE OREGON FRAUD. HEWITT BELIEVED IN IT. 1876
THE SIN(GE) LETTER
MOREY THE MYTH.
CHINESE LETTER
HART
PHILP, & CO.
HEWITT'S CRY. "MY LETTERS ARE OPENED IN THE N. Y. POST OFFICE!" 1877.
HEWITT CLAIMS- "TILDEN ELECTED" IN 1876.
HEWITT ENDORSED THIS LETTER
W.H.BARN
BARNUMS FRAUD SHOW
PLAYED OUT.
THE PANTOMIME, CALLED FOOLS OR KNAVES.
THE LAST SCENE A GRAND TRANSPARENCY, THAT ANYBODY CAN SEE THROUGH.
FORGERY & FRAUD BRAND
H. Z.
Th. Nast.

THE HEAT OF THE LAST POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.
THE INNOCENT HEWITT ALWAYS GETS HOLD OF THE WRONG END.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

NEW SERIAL STORIES.

A new Serial Story for Girls, by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled*

MILDRED'S BARGAIN,

and a new and fascinating Serial Story for boys, entitled

TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS,

will be begun in No. 58 of YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued December 7.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 56 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November 23, is the Thanksgiving Number, and contains a bountiful Thanksgiving feast for its young readers. It opens with an engraving from* SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S *exquisite painting of "Little Samuel," and this is accompanied by an article from the pen of the* REV. BRADFORD PEIRCE, D.D. *"The Boy General" is continued, and in this number the mystery of "Who was Paul Grayson?" is solved. The peculiarly seasonable features of the number are "Jim's Thanksgiving," by* SYDNEY DAYRE; *"Mrs. November's Dinner Party," by* AGNES CARR, *illustrated by* JESSIE CURTIS SHEPPARD; *"The School-Boy's Vision," a poem by* MARY D. BRINE; *"Bringing Home the Thanksgiving 'Punkin,'" a sketch by* WOOLF; *and Little Tommy as a Wish-Bone, one of* STULL'S *funniest pictures. In this number is also given detailed instructions of how to build an Ice-Boat, with drawings of every part; while one of the most attractive features of the number is* MISS C. A. NORTHAM'S *charming full-page picture entitled "A Little Antiquity."*

BLACKMORE'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story by the popular novelist R. D. BLACKMORE, *entitled*

CHRISTOWELL,

will begin in HARPER'S WEEKLY *early in December.*

MISS THACKERAY'S NEW STORY.

HARPER'S BAZAR *for December 11 contains the first installment of a charming new Novelette, entitled*

FINA'S AUNT,

by the favorite novelist Miss Thackeray, author of "Old Kensington," "Miss Angel," "Da Capo," "The Village on the Cliff," etc., etc., which will be continued weekly without interruption to THE END. *This story is in the happiest vein of the accomplished author, and promises a rich holiday treat to the readers of* HARPER'S BAZAR.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE decisive result of the election, which continues the exclusion of the Democratic party from power for a term which at the end of the GARFIELD administration will be a quarter of a century, seems to indicate that success is impracticable for that party as now organized. The same thing is implied by the evident disintegration of the party here in New York, and especially by the fact that its late campaign was conducted upon no principle or policy. It relied merely upon a wish for change, and its candidate and press carefully disclaimed any principle even upon the tariff question when it was drawn into the discussion. The Democratic party stood for nothing but change, and change for the worse. Its methods were calumny of the Republican candidate, and its chief argument at last, and the one upon which its management mainly relied, was a wretched forgery to create a prejudice against General GARFIELD. The cloud which this criminal trick to deceive the country has thrown upon some hitherto respectable reputations, with the futile threat to dispute the election and to Garcelonize—which is Yankee for Mexicanize—the returns, and the indignant exposures of JOHN KELLY'S headship in city politics, added to a campaign without principle or policy and an annihilating adverse popular majority in the Northern States, inevitably suggest that great changes will occur during the new administration, and that it is not improbable that the election of 1884 may be contested upon newer issues. This, indeed, depends largely upon the Southern States. If the fundamental right of free voting and honest counting continues to be denied in that part of the country, the next election will move along the same lines with this, and to the same result. The Democratic suppression of the Republican vote in Southern districts is a perpetual theft and usurpation of political power, and it will not be tolerated. It is, however, probable that this will be in some degree seen and heeded by "the South," and that other questions will rise into greater prominence.

It is very fortunate that under these circumstances General GARFIELD enters upon his administration wholly unpledged and independent. He was nominated suddenly and without any understanding whatever except that of an honorable man and a Republican. After his nomination he made no bargains of any kind. He is a man of great political sagacity and experience, and it is fair to assume that he comprehends the situation as well as anybody in the country. At the end of his administration of four years the Republican party will have held power for a quarter of a century, and it is reasonable to conclude that the cry for "change" will be very powerful unless the character of the GARFIELD administration shall have proved that change is not necessary and is undesirable. It is the HAYES administration which has emphasized that fact now. It is unquestionable that except for the general character of this administration General GARFIELD would not have been elected. A change of 10,000 or 12,000 votes in New York would have defeated him, and those votes are precisely those which would have been lost to the Republican party except for the HAYES administration, and the confidence that its general character would be maintained for the next four years. Four years more of the same temperate, upright, able, spotless conduct of affairs would be the most irresistible argument for Republican success in 1884. But four years of reaction would assure defeat beyond question. The difference between the result in 1876 and 1880 is not one likely to be overlooked by General GARFIELD, and the reasons of the difference will be as evident to him as to anybody. He will be the master of his own administration. But he can not be so without a contest. No President is. He is told that he is the trustee of a party, and those who tell him so assume to be the party. A President, however, knows that he is the choice of his party, and that he must determine for himself, not by the dictation of others, what his duty to the country and to his party requires. General GARFIELD is as capable of this decision as any Republican in the Union. He desires undoubtedly that his administration shall be harmonious for the party, and wise and successful for the country, and he knows that it can be neither if it is reactionary. Yet it must be reactionary or progressive. It can not be stationary.

The casting vote in the election was that of New York, and New York politics are always the dismay and despair of those outside of them. The Republican majority in this State was about 20,000, and that is the number of Republicans who last year declined to vote for Governor CORNELL, and who did vote for Comptroller WADSWORTH. This number, however, includes those only who actually scratched the Governor or refused to vote, but it represents an immense number of Republicans who, although they voted the regular ticket, did so under strong protest, and merely as a choice of evils. This great body of Republicans, and the strictly "independent" voters who do not call themselves Republicans, who together easily hold the balance of power in New York, naturally regard the new administration with friendly anticipation. They probably do not forget that ours is a party government, that General GARFIELD is a party man, elected by a party, and that his administration, like every other, will be a party administration. But they undoubtedly believe that his conception of party is wise and generous, and that he knows its progressive element to be its vital and germinating point. They will therefore watch, for instance, with peculiar interest, President GARFIELD'S treatment of the reforms which President HAYES has begun in the civil service, relating to minor appointments in the New York Custom-house and Post-office. These are in strict conformity with the national Republican declarations of 1876 and 1880. They are efficient measures for the purification of politics, and they are in harmony with General GARFIELD'S recorded views. The approval and continuation of these reforms would be full of good augury for the new administration. Abandonment of them would be exceedingly discouraging. Indeed, surrender of the New York Custom-house to the known enemies of reform would startle the entire progressive element of the party throughout the country. The reform sentiment grows very rapidly, and we doubt whether it is disposed to be set entirely aside upon the theory that its time has not yet come. General GARFIELD'S letter of acceptance has been interpreted as a surrender, but in that letter he says, "Without invading the authority or necessary discretion of the Executive, Congress should devise a method that will determine the tenure of office, and greatly reduce the uncertainty which makes that service so unsatisfactory." We may justly anticipate from the new President, therefore, both a recommendation for legislation to secure this object, and conformity to the spirit of such legislation in his own official action. There will be certainly no disposition upon the part of "reformers" to embarrass the new administration, or to judge it in any but the most candid and reasonable manner.

PRESIDENTIAL PENSIONS.

THE proposition of the *Times* to raise by private subscription a pension fund for "the ex-President whose incumbency is the most distant in point of time" raises a question which has been often considered. It is undoubtedly true that an ex-President, if a poor man, is in a difficult position, and it is equally true that a wise system of pensions may be as desirable in the civil as it is in the military service. Nor can there be any objection to a private gift to men of distinguished public service, such as was offered to Mr. COBDEN in England and to Mr. GARRISON in this country. Such gifts are their own justification. But they could hardly be received by those who do not consider themselves to be wholly withdrawn from public life. No man, for instance, who might be called to a legislative or executive position in this State, in which he would have to act upon railroad interests, would wish to enjoy or to have enjoyed the income of a fund to which Mr. VANDERBILT had contributed a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. WEBSTER was a man of great power, but it is questionable whether his views may not have been swayed, even if unconsciously, by his knowledge of the views of the rich men who occasionally contributed large sums for his support. Independent men will not be placed in such positions. This is the reason that when in office such men decline even small gifts, which might be received without the least question, in order that there may be no appearance even of evil. The same principle applies to the receipt and enjoyment of large private gifts by those who are not definitively withdrawn from public life. Even public pensions of value are paid only to superannuated judges or retired soldiers.

The *Times* truly says that the man who has once been President is at a greater disadvantage than other citizens in the struggle of life. If that be the general opinion, nothing could be more becoming than a national pension for an ex-President. But nothing, also, can be more evident than that it is true of every ex-President, and consequently that there would be a singular impropriety in not treating all of them alike, whether by public or private provision. After the 4th of March there will be two ex-Presidents, and there can be no reason, so far as the fact of their having filled the first office is concerned, for not pensioning both. We should gladly see some form of public pension for all ex-Presidents, but we should be very sorry to see any one of them enjoying a private pension which was not enjoyed by the others: and we doubt whether any one of them would wish to do it. "A purely personal testimonial to General GRANT," which the *Times* says has been often proposed, would be approved by every American who acknowledges the great services he has rendered the country. But that is a very different proposition from that of privately pensioning one ex-President.

What form a public pension should take has been already discussed. The most serious suggestion is that of a Senatorship at large for life, with the usual salary of a Senator, or an increased salary, which is less desirable. There is no doubt that the experience of an ex-President would be very valuable in the Senate, but there are very obvious and strong objections to the scheme, and the simpler plan is better—that of a simple retiring pension. This would be in every way suitable and dignified, and harmonious with our traditions.

CONGRESS AND REFORM.

IT is suggested that the Democratic majority in the present Congress should pass a civil service reform bill, and put Republicans on record as opposing it. But legislation is hardly likely to be wise when undertaken in order to put a party or a person "on record." So beneficial and important a measure as real reform in the methods of minor appointment, and the consequent suppression of the evils of assessments of office-holders and legislative interference with the Executive, and the general prostitution of the service to personal and party ends, will not be adopted as a snap judgment, but as a deliberate decision of the people. Hitherto the bitterest opposition which reform has encountered has been in Congress. But this was anticipated by every friend of reform, and for two reasons—one is that Congress is in considerable part the creation of the thing to be reformed, and the other is that reform involves relinquishing power by members of Congress, who are subject to the human indisposition to surrender power. Congress has shown very little favor to reform. Mr. JENCKES used to be heard impatiently, and was answered contemptuously. Even the Congress of 1872, with a majority especially favorable to General GRANT, and anxious to preserve harmony during the campaign, made an appropriation merely because he asked it, and at length General GRANT left the matter wholly to Congress, and it was dropped.

All that has been accomplished—and it is very much more than is sometimes supposed—has been done by the Executive. But of course the Executive power is very limited, and expires for any such purpose with the term of the Presidency. Reform thus far has been merely a method of Executive action, by which, however, no President could bind a successor. The limits of such action are obvious. We will take the New York Custom-house as an example. The Collector, who virtually appoints the great mass of the subordinate officers by nominating them to the Secretary of the Treasury, is himself nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Under the abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate the party majority defers to the Senators from the State in which the office is exercised. It was in this way that President HAYES'S nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT as Collector was defeated, and it was only by the support of Democratic Senators, in the hope of dividing the Republicans, that Collector MERRITT was confirmed. Except by the aid of opposition Senators no nomination will be confirmed by the Senate against the will of the Senators from the State concerned. Consequently all officers whose appointment requires Senatorial confirmation are at present necessarily excepted from the scope of the reform; and even over the agent, such as the Collector, upon whom the President must rely to carry out his own wishes, he has but a limited power. If Collector MERRITT had declined to enforce the rules which the President recommended, or had merely pretended to enforce them, the President's remedy would have been very doubtful. He could have nominated a successor, indeed, but the tactics which defeated Mr. ROOSEVELT might easily have retained Mr. MERRITT. The necessity of confirmation, the courtesy of the Senate, and the tenure of office acts seriously and vitally impair the Executive power.

Reform must be accomplished finally by the united action of the executive and legislative departments. But in the mean while the Executive can do much, as President HAYES has shown. It fortunately chanced that Collector MERRITT, without professing himself to be a "reformer," had no disposition to thwart the President's desires; and that Naval Officer BURT is not only one of the most efficient of officers, but also a thorough believer in the reformed system and a master of its details. The result is that under a sagacious board, acting in perfect good faith, there has been for a year and a half a practical reform upon the true principles in the methods of minor appointments at the New York Custom-house. The trial has demonstrated conclusively its entire practicability. This has been wholly the result of Executive action, and it has furnished the reform with a very powerful argument. Plainly, therefore, neither the Executive nor the friends of reform need defer action until Congress acts. The action of Congress will be quickened in the degree that public opinion is aroused, and nothing will awaken that opinion more surely than the evidence of the practicability and value of reform which Executive favor can furnish. Complete reform requires the common consent of all branches of the government, but to produce that consent everybody interested must move, and not wait for somebody else to move.

MR. HEWITT AND THE CHINESE LETTER.

NOBODY suspects Mr. HEWITT of falsehood or forgery, and he is amazed and indignant that anybody should hesitate to accept his version of the forged letter story. But who has publicly taught incredulity of the word of a gentleman? On the 10th of November the Democratic National Committee—Mr. HEWITT present, and assenting—announced to the country that it did not believe General GARFIELD'S word "unsupported by any other evidence." Mr. HEWITT declines to accept General GARFIELD'S word until "he has been placed on the witness stand, and subjected to cross-examination." That is to say, he does not believe his word. Yet he calls him his friend. Who, then, has taught refusal to believe the word of a gentleman? But however pertinent this question may be, and however censurable the conduct of Mr. HEWITT, it was not the duty of the court to denounce it. Mr. HEWITT was not on trial. He had been a witness, and his testimony was not impeached. Whatever may have been Judge Davis's opinion of Mr. Hewitt's part in the matter, the very fact that he politically differs from him so strongly should have made him scrupulously mindful of the passionless dignify of the bench. There are plenty of tribunals —the mind of every just man is one—by which the conduct of Mr. Hewitt is sure to be decisively judged. It is unfortunate that Judge Davis did not trust to that verdict.

The whole business of the Chinese letter is disgraceful from first to last. Take Mr. Hewitt's own story. The forgery was published on the morning of October 20. In the evening Mr. Hewitt, in a public speech, strongly affirmed its genuineness from comparison with letters of General Garfield's in his possession. "If I thought, after examination, there was the slightest doubt of its authenticity, I would not refer to it." On the 23d, after telegraphic denials, General Garfield wrote a positive and indignant disclaimer. It was at once accepted as conclusive by all but fanatical partisans. Mr. Hewitt did not accept it. He was reported to have said something about a difference in denying a letter and denying a signature. Decent Democratic papers denounced the forgery, the foul details of which rapidly appeared, but Mr. Hewitt remained silent. He might have been deceived. In the heat of a closing campaign he might have been deceived too easily. He had but to say so, and he would have been wholly exonerated. But he was summoned as a witness, and he did not conceal his opinion that General Garfield was a liar, and, as a member of the National Committee of his party, he made public proclamation of his opinion. Then, when the examination ended, and the whole wretched business was exposed, and there could not be said to be two opinions about it, Mr. Hewitt said only that he did not and would not believe General Garfield's unsworn word, but if there had been a forgery, he hoped that the forgers would be punished.

It seems to us clear that Mr. Hewitt must be held to be chiefly responsible for the circulation of this foul calumny upon a man whom the American people have elected to the Presidency. Except for Mr. Hewitt's immediate approval of the forgery as genuine, and genuine by his own declared collation with letters of Garfield's in his own possession, the lie would have died in the mouth that uttered it. No such person as the Morey to whom the letter purports to be addressed has been produced. Nobody testifies to his existence. Witnesses give evidence that they were paid to perjure themselves in every way, to make the story plausible. The Democratic committee are forced to try to exculpate themselves from complicity with the infamous plot. General Garfield says that his alleged letter is a base forgery, and that he never expressed or entertained its stupid and brutal sentiments. But Mr. Hewitt alone still says that he doesn't believe General Garfield because he has not been sworn, and he even refrains from saying that he would believe him if he were sworn. He says that it is absurd to attack him for "the mere expression of an opinion as to the genuineness of a signature." But if that were all, he would not have been so attacked. It is his apparent unwillingness to withhold a foul blow at a political opponent which has placed him in such an unenviable position.

"ENDYMION."

Lord Beaconsfield has written a new novel, *Endymion*, for which the publishers are said to have paid him $50,000, and it will be issued by the Harpers on Friday, November 26, in their "Franklin Square Library," and by the Appletons on the same day, in 12mo, uniform with their edition of *Lothair*. That Disraeli's hand has not lost its cunning, his *Lothair* showed. But the cunning of his literary hand is that of his whole career—it is tinsel, melodramatic, meretricious. The novels of Disraeli are entertaining, but it is a kind of entertainment in which you smile at the actor as well as with him. It is a blue-light world of nobs and snobs, of spangles for diamonds, and yellow paper for gold. *Vivian Grey* is an effervescing, rollicking, harum-scarum book, full of cleverness and audacity, and with an intense relish for fine society. Its author has always lived in that world, and has apparently cared to live in no other. That world was his oyster, and he has opened it with a talent which in its most glittering form has never suggested principle.

Few men have been so outwardly successful as Lord Beaconsfield. Of alien race and faith, with no advantage whatever except money, he has become the unchallenged leader of the haughtiest aristocracy, himself an earl with the Garter at his knee, Prime Minister, and with Bismarck the arbiter for a moment of the fate of Europe. And now at seventy-five he writes a novel which he sells for a price that no living author could command. It is an extraordinary career, and if Mr. Trevelyan should write Disraeli's life, the work might be worth the cost of *Endymion*.

Mr. Jennings telegraphs to the *World* that the story will be free from the personalities which were evident in *Lothair*, and which have characterized all the Disraeli novels. Indeed, there was a published key to *Vivian Grey* explaining who was who. Yet, despite the remarkable career of Lord Beaconsfield, there is something pathetic in the kind of solitude in which he must live. His wife died some years since, and he has no children, and it is the impression that he has no very intimate or truly familiar friend. But while he lives he will be one of the most conspicuous of Englishmen, his career will fill a strange page of English history, and this book will be eagerly read by the English speaking world on both sides of the sea.

TOM BROWN IN AMERICA.

The visit of Mr. Thomas Hughes to this country was intended to be very quiet, and no man could be personally less ostentatious than he. But the great good-will which his career and his books have aroused would not permit him to come without a welcome or go without a blessing. He is a very busy man, and not a rich man, but he makes time to cross the sea to promote a scheme which, if successful, can not fail to be a great benefit to his countrymen; and he does it without any especial advantage to himself. The *Spectator*, which printed letters written from the Tennessee settlement called Rugby, from his old school, says that Mr. Hughes is so pleasurably moved by his own project that he has recovered his very best literary "form," and it compliments him by adding that Dickens never did anything better than his description of a quaint old forester.

The general plan of the settlement at Rugby is to afford a pleasant home without the bareness of a frontier to those who can command a little money. It is primarily intended for young Englishmen, but nobody who conforms to the requirements is excluded. The company has bought 50,000 acres, and has "preempted" 350,000 acres more. The land is sold at present in lots of from 5 to 500 acres, at from $3 to $10 an acre. The price of town lots is now from $50 to $125, and of villa lots from $100 to $250, but no guarantee is given that these prices may not be increased after the middle of November. There is a Chaucerian hotel, "the Tabard," where the prices are $2 a day, or $10 a week, according to room, etc. There is a co-operative store, and a union church, and a library to which publishers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have given 1200 volumes. The access to Rugby is by Sedgemoor Station, on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, whence a conveyance takes passengers to the settlement.

It is one of the practical enterprises to which Mr. Hughes has devoted himself, and is one of a class in which he has been always deeply interested. It was very interesting to hear an English "working-man," at the reception of Mr. Hughes in New York, say that he had been always a real and not a fair-weather friend of the working-man. He has given that true proof of essential manliness, reverencing in mature life the dreams of his youth, and his welcome in this country has been as sincere as that of any Englishman could be.

SENATOR THAT SHALL BE.

No man has earned his Senatorial spurs more truly and satisfactorily than General and Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, whom it is now said the Republican majority of the Legislature will elect unanimously to succeed Mr. Eaton.

General Hawley has been for some time a conspicuous figure in our politics, and wherever he has been seen in the turmoil the white plume of Henry of Navarre has seemed to flash. He belongs to the best kind of public men and of Republicans, a man instinctively sound and "square" upon every great question, who believes not only that the Republican party has done a great work, but that it has a great work to do.

It is men like Hawley, upright, manly, brave, not ashamed of loyalty to great principles, and full of confidence in the moral forces in politics, who really carry the flag of Republican progress, and kindle the enthusiasm of youth. His great experience and ability, his incisive intellectual force, his intrepid heart and conscience and tongue, will make his entry into the Senate a public benefit, and a great re-enforcement to the Republican side.

A PLEASANT BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of Mr. Thurlow Weed's eighty-third birthday by the Press Club in New York was a very pleasant occasion. It was a kindly greeting of journalists to their Nestor, and, indeed, among "the boys" present, as Mark Twain called them, we do not know that young James Watson Webb was so very much the junior of the especial guest of the evening. It was naturally a feast of reminiscence, and there was evidently a great deal of entertaining gossip of older times. As Mr. Erastus Brooks remarked, it is certainly a distinction to have lived under the eighteen Presidents of this Nation—and even so good a Democrat as Mr. Brooks, according to the report, must have pronounced the word with a big N—and to have voted for nearly all the twenty-five Governors of New York, to remember when the whole Union had scarcely more inhabitants than New York has now, and to have seen the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery.

Mr. Reid, the editorial successor of Mr. Greeley, gave Mr. Weed credit for having guided Mr. Seward and discovered Mr. Greeley, and recalled the famous old political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley. It was, perhaps, hardly so generally known as the old Albany Regency, but it was a very great power in politics, despite the inharmonious temperaments of the partners. It was curious and yet not unnatural that two men, each so ambitious in his own way, as Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed, should have apparently not suspected ambition in their associate. Mr. Greeley was, in fact, and in the ordinary sense, a very ambitious man, and it is agreeable to be reminded by Mr. Reid that Mr. Weed and Mr. Greeley would have met at last and again as friends except for the tragic end of one of them.

In his remarks Mr. Weed spoke with great feeling, as he always does, of other days and men, and especially of his acquaintance and association with Mr. Greeley, in whom, he said, there was much to endear him to every man who knew him. Indeed, the friendly regard expressed by Mr. Weed for his old antagonist recalls the correspondence between old John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, when they had both left the passionate arena of active politics, and in the leisure of their mellow age remembered that they were men and Americans as well as Federalist and Republican. It was a fitting and interesting tribute to the man who has seen and made so much of the political history of this State, and whose memory is a rich treasury of valuable knowledge.

THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL GARFIELD.

Two evenings after the election President Hayes was serenaded at Cleveland, and in an admirable little speech, which was received with great applause, he foretold the general course and character of the Garfield administration. After speaking personally of the President-elect, in the pleasantest and warmest terms, President Hayes said:

> "We rejoice because we feel sure that under the wise, moderate, and firm administration of General Garfield our country is to have an era of prosperity not surpassed, not equalled, by that of any other nation on the globe. A man of broad, liberal, and generous views, he will look over the whole country. Every section of it will be fairly and justly dealt with. He will say to the mistaken men of the South, 'You are to be treated precisely as the citizens of my own State are to be treated. All that we ask of you is that you shall faithfully obey the Constitution as it now is, regarding the new parts as equally sacred with the old.' Doing this, under the administration of General Garfield every liberal and generous act required on his part will be cheerfully and gladly done. Extending to all of the States their State rights, he will desire of them, and require of them, that they shall extend to every citizen his individual rights. With this done, with harmony restored throughout the Union, throughout all classes, I say again that the blessings of the victory gained on Tuesday by you are blessings alike and equally to the Republican and the Democrat, to the Southern man and the Northern man. Whoever is a law-abiding citizen of the United States will share in the glory and the blessings of the achievements of that day."

These words well describe, also, the spirit of the Hayes administration, and the country may well be congratulated if that spirit is to mould the new term.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

Our honored and esteemed contemporary, the New York *Evening Post*, whose well-known discrimination and conservatism, in literature as well as in politics, give weight to its expressions of opinion, thus notices the appearance of the first volume of Harper's Young People:

> "There have been few things in the history of periodical publishing more remarkable, in a quiet way, than the precision and apparent ease with which the publishers of Harper's Young People have placed that admirable juvenile journal upon a footing of permanent and wide popularity, gaining for it recognition as a sort of necessity in juvenile life.
>
> "The publication of its first fifty-two numbers in a bound volume reminds us that Harper's Young People has existed during only one year, and there is a feeling of surprise, difficult to avoid, in the contemplation of the fact; for so firmly has the little weekly magazine taken hold upon its readers that it already seems to be a sort of institution, a part of the time, a thing existing of necessity in answer to a positive need, a thing so wholly of course that one can scarcely conceive of the time when it was not, although that time was only one short year ago.
>
> "The methods by which this success has been won are those which lead most surely and safely to all worthy success. The publishers began by making the Young People so thoroughly good and entertaining that it might be trusted to commend itself without horn-blowing or clamorous laudation of any sort, and then they gave it opportunity to win the friends that it was so fit to make by sending copies of it for the first thirty weeks to all the subscribers to their other journals. When the responses came in the form of subscriptions the publishers adopted a unique method of fulfilling the promise made; they doubled the size of the periodical, and have from that time to this given just twice what their subscribers understood that they were to receive. The result of this piling of the small apples on top of the barrel has been to make permanent and enthusiastic the favorable opinion created by the samples shown in asking subscriptions.
>
> "It is a proper matter of rejoicing that another wholesome, excellent, and healthfully stimulating periodical for boys and girls had thus been added to the brief list of permanently prosperous journals of that character. The worth of the influence exercised by the two or three juvenile periodicals which constitute the whole of this list is wholly beyond estimate. Their negative influence as substitutes for the pernicious, vicious, villainous juvenile reading matter of the news-stands is everywhere obvious; their positive influence as educational agencies and as means of cultivating a taste for good literature and good art is not less certain."

PERSONAL.

At the quarter-millennial celebration of the religious organization of the community of Boston, addresses were delivered by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, as descendant of the Massachusetts Governor, and by the Revs. Phillips Brooks and William Everett, as descendants of John Cotton. It is the First Church, which Governor John Winthrop helped to found, two months after his landing in Massachusetts Bay, in August, 1630, and over which John Wilson, John Cotton, and John Norton were ministers, that commemorates this anniversary. The father of Ralph Waldo Emerson was also once pastor of this church.

—General Mahone, Senator-elect from Virginia—or "Mahone, Virginia," as he registers himself at the hotel—is a small man, five feet six inches, and weighs less than a hundred. His hair, iron-gray, is worn rather long, and he has a beard and mustache. His right hand is constantly feeling around his beard while he talks. He stands straight, and dresses well. He wears black broadcloth, or a black coat and gray pants. His vest is unbuttoned all the way down to the last two holes. This shows a length of perfectly white linen. The collar is equally white, but not stiff, and is surrounded by a narrow black tie carelessly knotted in front. Around his neck is hung a long gold chain, which winds in and out the button-holes of the vest, and finally disappears in the watch-pocket. Then there are his feet. They are very small. They are perhaps the narrowest belonging to any man in this country. They would drive a Chicago girl mad with envy. General Mahone is evidently rather proud of his feet. He is a ready talker, and has the Southern accent rather strongly marked. His voice is weak, but rather musical, and he is evidently a thoughtful man.

—The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, sometimes gets as good as he sends. Recently while in Dublin he asked a landed proprietor what he advised. "Fall back on the Westmeath Act," said the landlord. "If I did," answered Mr. Forster, "I should not be safe in Dublin." "Possibly," replied the landlord, "but I should be safe on my estate."

—It is reported that Sir William Harcourt, the present Home Secretary in the British cabinet, is to become Speaker of the House of Commons, in place of Mr. Speaker Brand, who, according to custom, will be elevated to the peerage. The Speakership is not a bad thing to have. The incumbent has a salary of $25,000 a year and a furnished house in the new Palace of Westminster. Mr. Brand has been in office nearly nine years.

—Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of *Self-Help*, *Character*, and similar popular works, has just written a new book entitled *Duty*, which will be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers on Friday, November 26. In England 14,000 copies of the work were subscribed for by less than a dozen publishers at Mr. Murray's annual trade dinner.

—Archibald Forbes has had a great social as well as professional success in Canada. At Ottawa, the capital, he was personally thanked, at the conclusion of his lecture, by Lord Lorne, the Governor-General. Mr. Forbes, after lecturing in Worcester (Massachusetts), Providence, Boston, and New Haven, will come again to New York, and afterward speak in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

—Vice-President Wheeler is a widower without a near relative. He resides in a neat, handsomely furnished house, ornamented with numerous gems of art, and is held in the highest esteem by his townsmen. Most of his time is spent in his law office. He is not a wealthy man, but has a sufficient income to enable him to live handsomely, as he has always been accustomed to do. During his Presidency of the State Constitutional Convention in 1867-68, and while a member of the House of Representatives, as well as during his Presidency of the Senate, he has been known as one of the ablest and most courteous of presiding officers.

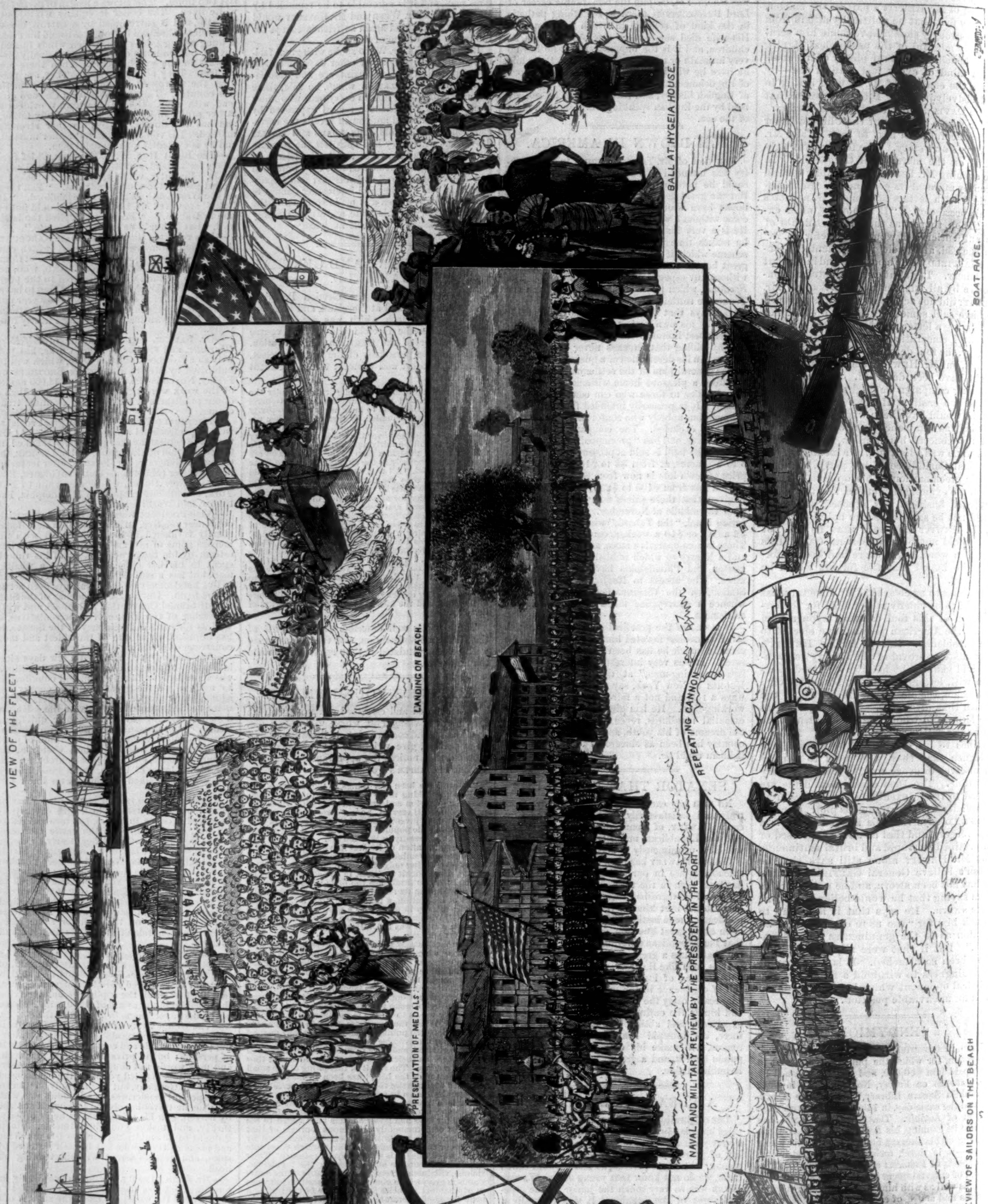
—Mr. John Duff, who died a few days since in Boston, leaving an estate of several millions, was an entirely self-made man, and combined in an unusual degree great business energy and administrative capacity with a fondness for the more refined pleasures of private life. He was a man of striking personal presence, quiet, gentlemanly, and unassuming, and had no desire to be conspicuous in the moil and turmoil of political affairs. He was a constant visitor at the picture-galleries, and a frequent purchaser. He was also a lover of books, had a good library, and was much liked by those who knew him best.

—Madame Adelina Patti, after having bought, repaired, refurnished, and extensively improved a castle in Wales, has now offered to sell out, desiring to quit the castle aforesaid, where they have bothered her nearly to death. The assessors have laid on an assessment that is shockingly high; her river and land are poached upon in a way that is shockingly low; the poachers have come to her very door, and offered to sell her her own venison in a way that is shockingly mean. So she has turned up the principal feature of her countenance at all the Ap Joneses and such, and is on the road for some place where the immorals of the people do not stand so high.

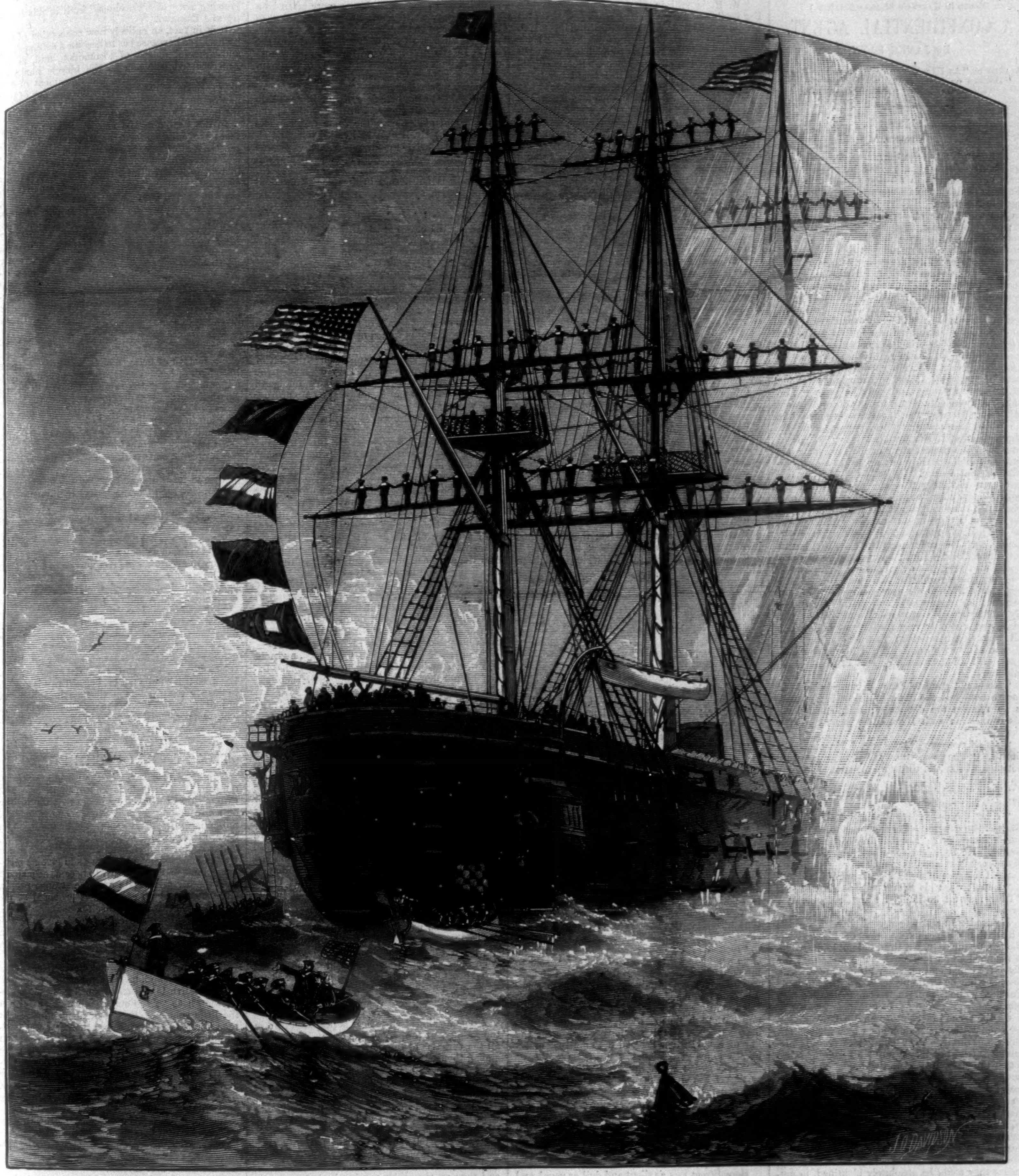
—Brookline, Massachusetts, has reason to be complacent at the fact that Mr. Richardson, of that town, who recently graduated first at Harvard, has just entered Balliol College, at Oxford, ranking first of all the applicants, and receiving the usual honorary award of $2500, with a choice of the best apartments in the gift of the college.

—The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia is said to be a very agreeable man in society, having pleasant words and compliments for all sorts of persons; but in private he is curt in speech, and uses words not found even in the Apocrypha. He was married young to the handsomest princess in Germany, but they are only on "terms of respectful tenderness," as Toodles was with his wife, he travelling abroad by himself and she by herself. In his private affairs he is orderly, thrifty, and makes good investments. He is thought to be ambitious, perhaps too much so, and looks as though he felt himself watched by spies, and glances about without turning his head.

—Mr. John Russell Young's exceedingly interesting volumes describing General Grant's tour around the world are made the subject of a review of twenty pages in the July number of the London *Quarterly Review*. It is understood that the article is from the pen of Abraham Hayward, Esq., who by common consent has long stood at the head of the higher reviewers of Great Britain. It is an article of marked ability, and highly commendatory of Mr. Young's work. Mr. Hayward himself is a conspicuous character in English society. It is said of him that there is apparently no subject connected with history, politics, biography, or literature which he is not qualified to adorn. His essays are in every sense contributions to literature, containing information, and particularly anecdotes of which he appears to be the sole depository. He has also always been a man of society—has mixed all his life among the highest circles—and is probably capable of throwing more vivid side lights upon the history and biography of our time than any other living writer. There are scholars and men of letters who are not men of society, and men of society who are not men of letters. Mr. Hayward unites in the highest possible degree wide scholarship and high literary tact with extensive social experience.


VIEW OF THE FLEET.
LANDING ON BEACH.
PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.
CHEERING THE PRESIDENT.
NAVAL AND MILITARY REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT IN THE FORT.
BALL AT HYGEIA HOUSE.
REPEATING CANNON.
REVIEW OF SAILORS ON THE BEACH.
BOAT RACE.

INCIDENTS OF THE NAVAL REVIEW AT FORTRESS MONROE.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT FORTRESS MONROE—CEREMONIES DURING THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE FLAG-SHIP.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

The Naval Review at Hampton Roads so long delayed has taken place, and we give herewith some sketches of the celebration. Much credit is due those who so skillfully set before the public the results of their pet theory of training naval apprentices to man our fleets in future wars. Had the weather been more propitious, doubtless the display would have been grander; but high winds and rough waters only heightened its value to one more interested in the proficiency of the boys as sailors than as mere paraders.

As one glanced along the fleet of anchored war ships, extending from the Rip Raps in the roadstead on the left to the thirteenth ship on the far right, memory naturally reverted to that bright morning not quite twenty years ago when the gallant *Cumberland* and *Congress* went down in flame and smoke beneath the green waters off there to the right—two victims of the iron monster from Norfolk yonder, and the imbecility of a government which still expects old-time wooden ships to battle with modern iron-clads. The gallant duel of the *Monitor* with the *Virginia* occurred but a little beyond where the *Minnesota* now lies at anchor, and that fine old ship which so narrowly escaped destruction then is here again on the same historic ground. England has since held her reviews of iron-clad *Invincibles*, *Thunderers*, and *Inflexibles*, France her *Gloires*, and Italy parades her *Dandolo* and *Duillio;* but we turn out year after year the same old wooden ships, which show their age in spite of patching, painting, and rebuilding.

A salute of guns from the water battery announces the arrival of President Hayes and cabinet; and amid the thunder of salutes, manning of yards, and explosion of submarine torpedoes, they make their round of visits to the different ships.

On the flag-ship *Tennessee* the crew man yards, clear ship for action, and load and fire the great guns. Mrs. Hayes touches a button, and the hundred-pound torpedo explodes alongside, shooting a column of water as high as the mast, to fall in showers of spray on deck. A steam-launch hurries by with a long spar torpedo extended in front; she makes a rush for a floating mark, and it is blown to atoms by another torpedo. Twenty-one torpedoes of smaller size are exploded along the shore. The repeating cannon, throwing fifty balls a minute, strikes up its terrible music, while the bullets strike whiffs of spray from the water's surface a half-mile seaward.

The signal flags run up and down, the band plays, marines salute, and the President and party pass to the *Minnesota*, where more guns salute, and the sword practice by the crew entertains them; and so they pass from ship to ship of the fleet.

At a signal all the ships' boats loaded with sailors put for the shore, towed by launches, which cast off their lines when near shore, and the men dash through the surf, forming a line 2000 strong on the beach. They then form "column of fours," and with bands playing and colors flying march into the fort, where, with the military, they pass in review before the President.

The beauty of Washington and Baltimore, the fleet officers in uniform, and the Marine Band render the ball at the Hygeia a scene of light and life long to be remembered.

Next morning the naval apprentices from the school-ships *Minnesota*, *Constitution*, *Portsmouth*, and *Saratoga* muster in a solid body on the starboard side of the *Tennessee's* deck. President Hayes makes a brief address. Captain Harmony calls their names, and while a thousand heads "uncover," Mrs. Hayes pins the medals to their white jackets, speaks a few pleasant words, and shakes the hand of each blushing graduate.

On signal the *Constitution* and *Saratoga* make and take in sail. A parade of boats passes in review, and forming in line, a grand race of seventy boats against tide and wind takes place through the fleet, which is won by the *Tennessee's* boat.

At 9 p.m. the President's ship leaves her anchorage, homeward-bound. Two rockets leave the flag-ship, and ere they break in stars, all the ships are ablaze with a splendor of red, blue, and gold fires, rockets course hither and thither through the heavens, the bands strike up, a grand salute of cannon flashes from the fort, and a pyrotechnic display from the beach strews the moonlit heavens with a glory of dropping fire. As the last gun booms over the bay the *Dispatch* turns the "Point," and the review is over.

As a display the review was a success, and if manly bearing, clean faces, neat dress, and general appearance of proficiency of the apprentices (who were drafted to various ships the next day) be any guarantee of the good of the school-ship system, that certainly is a success also.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER L.

FOUND.

Are men better than they seem, or worse? is a question that we are apt to answer according to our own circumstances in relation to them. When Fortune smiles upon us, our fellow-creatures appear in rose tints. "There is a deal of kindness in the world," we observe when we don't want it; or, at the least, "Depend upon it, there is something good in everybody." When Fortune frowns, we alter our opinion on this subject—it must be confessed not altogether without reason. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether one is more often surprised by an act of generosity or by one of baseness. I have known quite noble things done by almost the last persons in the world one would have thought capable of them; and also, alas! some very base actions performed by the most highly principled persons. In many cases, perhaps, it has in reality been the merest toss-up whether the man should behave like a hero or a scoundrel; but we, who know nothing of the inward struggle, can only judge by the result. Although Mr. Signet had not absolutely told Miss Amy Thurlow that if she would marry him he would not prosecute her brother-in-law for theft, but that if she wouldn't he would pursue him with the utmost rigor of the law, their last interview had certainly left upon her an impression of that nature. Perhaps the jeweller had not been unwilling that she should think the worst—even though it must needs put his own character in no very agreeable light—but though he had, as it were, held the screw in his fingers, he had had, to do him justice, no intention of putting it on. His nature was not chivalric, but he was not a Colonel Kirk; and before he had proposed that bargain to Amy, let us remember he had positively forbidden Mr. Brail to take any steps toward Matthew's apprehension. When he returned an unsuccessful suitor from Cavendish Grove the detective informed him of Mr. Barlow's visit, and not only very frankly set before him all that that gentleman had stated, but also (for which, as we know, he had his private reasons) said all that could be said in favor of his mission.

"He is not gone to Paris on your behalf—of course not—but the main object of his journey is to reclaim the diamonds; and, considering his connection with Helston, he has as good a chance—"

"It's all nonsense," interrupted Mr. Signet, irritably. "The game's up. If Lady Pargiter were not such a brute, I'd throw up the sponge and pay up at once."

"That would be madness indeed, Mr. Signet. Where's her receipt?"

"What the deuce does the receipt signify, Mr. Brail, if she can prove the diamonds to be in Helston's possession? Not that they're there now, of course. He sold 'em for what they will fetch. My money is as good as gone."

"If I felt sure of that I'd get it out of his skin."

"I don't want his skin!" snapped Mr. Signet. "They may all be hanged together for what I care."

He used even a stronger word than "hanged"; while the comprehensiveness of his "all"—though, fortunately, Mr. Brail did not know whom it included—was appalling. The most that the detective could extract from his employer was a promise that he would make no overtures to Lady Pargiter without previously communicating with him.

On the second morning came Mr. Barlow's letter from Paris, the contents of which revived Mr. Brail amazingly. They pointed to nothing certain, it is true, but they aroused his flagging interest in the case, just as the whimper of a trusty hound will put heart in the desponding sportsman: they might not kill the fox, but there was an end to "drawing blank," at all events. The diamonds were in Paris, at present undisposed of, and every day would render their negotiations more dangerous. Surely Mr. Signet would now intrust him with the commission of gaining possession of them? There would be a difficulty, unless they could be absolutely identified, in getting a warrant for the apprehension of this man Butt, but that could be surmounted. The inexplicable objection that his employer had evinced to the arrest of Helston no longer applied to the case, for Helston had not got the diamonds, though he had doubtless been their original appropriator. Above all, the discovery of the woman gave Mr. Brail great hopes.

With Mr. Barlow's letter in his hand he was about to start from his chambers—he occupied a second floor in the lane at the back of the Temple—for Poulet Street, when a telegram was put into his hand. It detailed as succinctly as could be all that had happened at the Hôtel de la Fontaine on the previous night, with a verbatim copy of the note found in the bosom of the murdered girl.

Mr. Brail's first act on the receipt of this astonishing intelligence was characteristic. He telegraphed to a French commissioner of police with whom he was acquainted that the jewels in possession of the assassin were in all probability the Pargiter diamonds, and laid claim to them in the name of their owner, pending further and more authoritative proceedings.

Then he began to give his attention to the mere matters of life and death. What engaged his deepest attention was, of course, the last message of the murdered girl:

"M. H. is still in Moor—No—starving. For God's—haste."

Some of the blanks he could easily fill in. "Matthew Helston is still in Moor Street, No.— He is starving. For God's sake, make haste," was what he made out the message to be. But what did that "No" mean? If she had found her information as to his whereabouts incorrect, that was surely—making every allowance for haste and fear—not the way in which she would have expressed herself. That "No," therefore, doubtless stood for Number; and the missing figures were 10: No. 10 Moor Street being Lady Pargiter's address. If Mr. Signet had been present he would have exclaimed, "Then Helston is there, after all. I always said that woman was capable of anything!" But Mr. Brail jumped to no such conclusion. He touched a hand-bell, and a sharp-looking Hebrew youth was by his side in an instant.

"Has Brown made his report this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Gone home to bed. He lodges in Milford Lane."

"That is but a stone's-throw. Bring him in ten minutes, and I'll give you half a crown; if you do it in less time, I'll give you ten shillings."

We talk of the marvels of electricity, but the attraction of metals for a Jew boy puts lightning into the shade. In seven minutes Brown was in the room, dishevelled, panting, and in his shirt sleeves, but still Brown.

"You have been on duty in Moor Street every night since this diamond robbery. Are there any houses in it let in lodgings?"

"Well, there are hotels, sir."

"Will you answer my question?"

"There are no lodging-houses; it is too fine a place."

"And all the houses are occupied?"

"Yes, sir. That is, all the furnished houses. There is one, however, unfurnished."

"What number?"

"Number 11, sir."

Mr. Brail gave a sudden start; then scratched his leg, as if a flea had bitten him.

"Does any one ever enter it?" he inquired, in an indifferent tone.

"Only the care-taker, sir—a shabby, shambling sort of fellow. I've seen him let hisself in with a latch-key."

"Often?"

"Well, yes, sir; every night mostly."

"Last night?"

"Well, no, sir; not last night."

"The night before?"

"Well, no, sir. Now you speak of it, I have not noticed him the last night or two."

"There's a bill in the window, I suppose?"

"No, sir, there's no bill; the house is let. They were saying so at the public-house."

"What did they say?"

"Carberrys' man, the house agents in Bond Street—he was taking a dram the other night—said they had let it a month ago to some gentleman, but they had not seen the color of his money. I think there's some hitch about it."

"Perhaps so. That will do. You may go to bed again. Noah, call a growler."

"Don't you mean a hansom, sir?"

"I think I said a growler. That boy is getting to think for himself," muttered Mr. Brail, "which will be his ruin."

In two minutes the detective was being driven at a rapid rate to Bond Street, in company with two members of the force whom he had picked up from a police station on his way. It being Christmas-day the streets were comparatively clear, so that Mr. Brail's suggestion to the driver to "look alive" could be carried out; but the same circumstance might have proved an obstacle to the detective's wish for speed, if his own character had been less determined. At Carberrys' there was only one clerk on the premises, and, as he briefly but distinctly informed his visitor, he was not there to do business with any one on Christmas-day. "So you'll just have to wait for the key of No. 11 Moor Street till to-morrow morning," was his peroration.

"Very good; it was in mere civility to Carberry that I asked the favor," returned Mr. Brail. "It will not take us five minutes to break the door open. Perhaps your employers would prefer that course. I am a detective policeman. Good-morning."

He not only got the house key on the instant, but a little oil to make it turn softly in the lock; and on they drove.

Moor Street was as silent and dull as usual, and even a trifle duller. Its tenants were mostly in the country, keeping Christmas, or rather having it kept for them; but No. 11 was by far the dreariest house in the street. It had been empty only a month or two, but signs of neglect, though not of decay, had become already manifest. The shuttered windows were black with dust, and in a less fashionable neighborhood (where street boys are allowed) would undoubtedly have been broken. Under the sheltering porch the accumulated mud looked filthier by contrast with the surrounding snow.

Mr. Brail got out first and opened the door; one policeman swiftly followed him, and the other remained in the cab, with his eye on the area steps. If he had been seen outside, and on the watch, there would have been a ten-deep semicircle of spectators round him in as many seconds.

Within No. 11 all was not so neglected as without. Much to their astonishment the hall was furnished in the ordinary manner, but it struck damp and cold, and quietly as the two men closed the door behind them, the sound reverberated through the house. With one hasty glance around him Mr. Brail led the way up stairs, exploring room after room, while his companion remained on the landing, lest a rabbit should bolt from the burrow by some second hole. If they spoke to one another it was in whispers, and when they replied it was in monosyllables, or more often by a mere gesture. There was not a living thing to be seen except the spiders; nor was there an article of furniture save, as we have said, in the hall. In the drawing-room the faded splendors of the ceilings and the carved marble of the mantel-pieces rendered the surrounding barrenness still more marked.

Returning to the hall floor, they still found no traces of recent tenancy, and they explored the kitchen and offices with the same result. The care-taker, as Mr. Brown had called him, had either only visited his charge occasionally, or was a man strangely indifferent, for one of his calling, to his personal comfort.

"There is not a soul in the place," observed the policeman, speaking above his breath for the first time.

"I am sure I don't know," returned Mr. Brail, coolly. "We have not tried the cellar."

The door, which was next the pantry, and in the centre of the house, as cellar doors should be, was locked. Mr. Brail stooped down and examined the jambs and the key-hole. "This has been opened recently," he observed, coolly. "Light your lantern and keep your staff handy. Now give me the jemmy."

In two minutes, by aid of this ingenious instrument, the door was forced open, and discovered a flight of steps leading into darkness. The atmosphere was close and, by comparison with that of the outer air, even warm. They descended the steps, and presently the policeman's bull's-eye flashed upon a human figure lying on a mattress, and wrapped in a railway rug. His face was white and wan, and his eyes gazed vacantly upon the light and them.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Mr. Brail, allowing himself a momentary gratification at the confirmation of his own astuteness. "It is the very man."

"The Butterfly Wing will do it," murmured the prostrate figure. "The mistake was in the head of the Nut."

"The gent is drunk," observed the policeman, with a shake of the head that suggested something more than reprobation—a pathetic regret that the circumstances did not permit of the other's being taken into custody—"run in."

"Go to Dr. Creyke, you fool; he lives at No. 6 in the next street; bring him here immediately," cried Mr. Brail, with a contempt that bordered on savagery. Then he knelt down tenderly enough by the side of the mattress, and pulling a flask from his pocket, applied it to Matthew's lips.

"You shall have soup at Carberrys', my poor fellow, if I make it out of that young man's liver," he murmured, consolingly; "and then you shall be took home."

[to be continued.]

A NEW BICYCLE.

It is most natural that any bicycler, who is well acquainted with his machine, should, at the first mention of any improved method of working the bicycle, be strongly prejudiced against it. For the machine itself, in each and every one of its hundreds of parts, is the result of the intelligent observation, the trained skill, and the inventive genius of so many thoroughly capable mechanics, assisted by the best appliances of modern industry, that inevitably it would seem the combination resulting from their united efforts must be, at least in its essential parts, all that could be desired.

And yet the new bicycle—the American Star, as it has been named—as will be seen from the illustration on page 783, is radically different from the usual form of the bicycles in general use, from the fact that the relative positions of the two wheels are different. In the bicycle, as we have it, the little wheel is behind the large one; in the American Star the small wheel is placed in front.

A change almost as radical is proposed also in the method of propelling the Star. As a rule, all the varieties of the bicycle, though they differ among themselves in various other minor details of construction, agree in propelling the driving-wheel by a pedal placed upon each side of it, and operated by the feet, working alternately, and thus producing a crank motion. This is an essentially awkward movement; and as the push of the operator can be exerted only by one foot at a time, and then only during one-quarter of the revolution of the wheel, the working of the wheel tends constantly to force the machine first on one side, and then on the other, causing it thus to "wobble," and making it necessary to anticipate and overcome the alternate sideway push of the driving-wheel out of the direct line of travel the machine is going by compensating for it on the steering handles.

In the Star, however, the propelling power is given to the driving-wheel by two levers, one on each side of the wheel, operated by the feet, and by an ingenious system of clutches exercising a continuous force upon the hub to turn the wheel steadily. These levers can be worked alternately or together; or one lever alone may be worked while the leg operating the other may be kept at rest. As long as the rider of the bicycle as we have it keeps his feet upon the pedals, whether he is exercising his force to drive it or not, his legs must move up and down, following the revolution of the pedals. In the Star no movement of the legs is required except for the purpose of propelling the machine; and if there is sufficient headway made, so that the machine can run by its own momentum, the levers can be kept still, and the legs at rest.

These two radical changes in the construction of the Star—the different relative positions of the wheels, and the entire change of the method for applying the power of propulsion—justify the claim made for it of being a new bicycle, and, as such, most worthy the careful attention of the fast-growing army of "wheelmen" both in this country and England.

It is, in fact, an entirely new conception of the "wheel," so harnessed as to become a safe, speedy, and graceful means of locomotion, and, as an American contribution to the bicycle phase of progress, goes far toward the repayment of the debt this country owes for the introduction of this new method of locomotion, which has so increased the possible activity of the race.

In the details of the construction of the Star there are other differences which the inventor, Mr. G. W. Pressey, of Hammonton, New Jersey, claims are almost equal improvements upon the bicycle as we have it. In the first place, it looks safe, and is safe. The rider is supported between the wheels, and is not, as with the other bicycles, supported so near the centre of gravity on a revolving wheel that, by his very momentum, he is thrown violently forward, and given a "header" when any slight obstruction in the road checks the progress of the wheel. This, which every wheelman knows from experience is almost inevitable, is entirely avoided by the Star. As the small wheel leads, it is quite possible to ride safely over a six-inch log, so that the ordinary sticks and pebbles to be met with on the general road need not be feared in the least.

The different method also of applying the power in the Star enables the rider to use any machine, instead of being limited only to such as fit his length of leg. The levers of the Star are self-adjusting, so that the same machine will fit the smallest boy or the tallest man. In use the movements of the body for driving the Star, and the position in which the rider sits, are much more easy and graceful, while at the same time, with the same expenditure of force, the results are much greater, so that these merits alone will unquestionably bring it into great favor. For greater ease in mounting and getting the machine under control, for greater comfort in propelling it, and for greater speed to be obtained with less exertion, the inventor of the Star confidently claims the superiority of his machine.

Though it has not been in existence long enough as yet to obtain as long and varied a trial as is necessary to assure a wide recognition of its claims, yet, in such experience as has been obtained, it has fully demonstrated that these claims are justifiable. On a public race track, not in the finest possible condition, the best time as yet made by the Star has been a mile in two minutes and forty-four seconds. This will unquestionably be improved on as the practice and knowledge of the machine extends, and a larger number of skillful riders become acquainted with its possibilities. But even if it should not be, in itself this is enough to justify the prediction that its invention and practical introduction is the most important event which has occurred for years in the bicycle world.

THE STORY OF THE SEARCH.

The gentlest savages in the world are the Esquimaux, and so little is known of them except through the stories of explorers that the history of a life among them is always one of general public interest. The experience of the Franklin Search Party, which left New York in June, 1878, under command of Lieutenant Schwatka, of the United States army, was such as to give its members an unusual opportunity to become acquainted with the life and habits of these strange people, a short description of which is proposed by the writer of this article, himself a member of the party. Living in the coldest and most desolate part of the world, the Esquimaux have warm hearts, and are the truest friends that white men can find on the globe.

Lieutenant Schwatka's party, consisting of four white men, including the commander, together with a native interpreter named Ebierbing, better known as "Esquimau Joe," took passage in the little schooner *Eothen*, of about ninety-eight tons, for Hudson Bay, where the party was landed immediately upon the arrival of the vessel, on the 9th of August of the same year. The place where they landed is near the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, and was named Camp Daly, in honor of Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, president of the American Geographical Society. Here the party immediately commenced that study of Esquimau life and the course of acclimatization which enabled it to make one of the most remarkable sledge journeys on record, and to successfully withstand the rigors of one of the severest arctic winters ever known.

Frequent hunting excursions were made into the interior, and surveying parties explored the coast, and contributed much to the benefit of geographical information by preparing a correct map of the coast of North Hudson Bay from Cape Fullerton to Marble Island, the winter home of the whalers, who annually ply their vocation along the shores of this bay with their only maps the present Admiralty charts, that are in some places two degrees out of the way. During one of these explorations Lieutenant Schwatka, with two others of his party, was cast away upon a barren island without food for five days, except a few crumbs of hard bread and the grounds of coffee, which they had saved when their boat was thrown upon this lonely rock.

It was not long after their arrival at Camp Daly when Winter began to manifest his approach, and on the 25th of October the thermometer sank to zero. We were still living in an old canvas tent borrowed from a native family, and the cold was most disagreeably apparent all the time. No fires to warm one's fingers, and no clothing except the insufficient woollen garments purchased from the outfitter of the whaler. It was cold all the time, and no place to escape to from the bitter blasts. A few days later the thermometer marked −25° F., and all the water within reach was frozen over. Even the three miles of salt-water intervening between our camp and Dépôt

Island were frozen, so that the Esquimaux could hunt the seal if they so desired. But their superstition, which does not allow them to kill and eat seal or walrus meat while hunting the reindeer, prevented them, so that we were dependent for fresh food upon what they brought from their summer caches of reindeer meat.

On the 30th of October we moved into ice "igloos," and were comparatively comfortable, for the wind can not penetrate its frozen walls. Such houses, however, are not as warm as similar structures of snow-blocks. The ice "igloos" are made by erecting on end long slabs of ice, say about six feet by three, and six or eight inches thick. They usually commence the house when the ice is six inches thick, but it generally gets thicker before the building is completed. When too thick and heavy for use the blocks are reduced in size by chopping down the surface to the proper thickness with an ice chisel in a similar manner to that practiced by the stone-cutters of civilization. The blocks, when erected on end, are stood so as to lean against each other and afford mutual support. At night, when the stone lamps are lighted within these crystal walls, the effect is most magnificent, and a village of such dwellings is beautiful beyond expression. Once the writer saw the village of about seven crystal houses at Camp Daly with the grand arch of the arctic aurora displayed above the glittering group, with an effect that no pen can describe, though the impression probably will never be effaced from his mind.

We lived at Camp Daly nearly eight months, or until the 1st of April, 1879, when the sledge journey was commenced, which was the chief object of our visit to that country. It was our design to reach King William's Land by a sledge journey over a country unknown not only to white men, but even to the natives who composed our little band of hunters and sledge drivers, there to make a summer search over the route pursued by the crews of Sir John Franklin's exploring ships the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Before commencing our journey we made a trip to Marble Island, in January, 1879, to visit the whaling fleet, consisting of four vessels, and the additional crew of the brig *A. J. Ross*, of New Bedford, which was wrecked during the previous fall. We found that scurvy, the dread disease that has absorbed the lives of so many arctic voyagers, had fastened its grip on a large portion of the crews there in winter-quarters. On Deadmen's Island, so called as the cemetery of so many unfortunate victims of the scorbutic scourge, we saw the graves of about twenty brave American sailors. This island lies south of Marble Island, and forms what is known as the outer harbor, while the inner harbor is a land-locked lake, which is entered through a narrow channel from the outer habor. The officers of the fleet gave us a hearty welcome, and offered every aid that lay within their power to assist us in carrying out the object of our expedition. They were a jovial set, and evidently did what they could to promote a cheerful intercourse among the crews, well knowing that cheerful contentment, with plenty of out-door exercise and occasional issues of fresh meat, would prove the best antiscorbutic. One especially jolly fellow, Mr. Bumpus, the mate of the *Eothen*, who was a ponderous specimen of humanity when we left New York, had laughed himself so fat that he had to extend the waistband of his trousers, which he did by inserting what he called a "jib piece," really nothing but an isosceles triangle of red flannel, with its base at the waist and its apex near the crotch of his trousers. A similar "jib piece" had also been let into the back of his vest, so that when he walked away from you he looked like an immense peripatetic ace of diamonds. He was always good-natured except when moving the sails, and then he used the customary words, for I find that the oaths really constitute a portion of the commands, with a subdued chuckle, as though he would say, "All right, boys, I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I only swear because it is the custom." It is needless to say that scurvy never annoyed him.

While at Marble Island the writer made a sledge journey to Brevoort Lake, so named after James Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, one of the chief patrons of arctic research, to obtain dogs for the near approaching journey to King William's Land. Several fine dogs were thus secured, and on the return the sledge made a flying run over the new ice of Hudson Bay, where nothing but the speed kept up by the glorious team of dogs prevented us from breaking through. The water oozed through the thin ice as we passed along, and filled up the tracks as our sled moved out of the way, but we were safe so long as we did not relax our speed. During the early part of March we bade good-by to our friends the whalers, and started for Camp Daly once more, in order to commence our long and tedious tramp for King William's Land.

The first day of April found us under way with three sleds drawn by forty-two dogs, and with thirteen Esquimaux allies, including men, women, and children. The day was almost cloudless, and the weather all that could be desired. We did not intend to go far, and consequently encamped about ten miles from Camp Daly, and just within the mouth of Connery River, so named after Mr. T. B. Connery, managing editor of the New York *Herald*, well known for his interest in geographical research. After crossing two hummocky stretches caused by the rapids in this river, we left it and moved across to the Lorillard River, named after the Messrs. George and Pierre Lorillard, who were among the most generous contributors toward the expedition. Here we could continue our course toward the northwest for several days further without interruption, and, after leaving it, found our route leading us, by a probable branch of the main river, through what we termed the Southwest Pass. We were not long detained in this direction, however, and soon found ourselves again upon our course toward the northwest. In a few days the country became so hilly that we were several times compelled to make the descent of high hills by what we termed flying switches. That is, the dogs were removed from the sled, for fear they might get run over and killed, while the sled was allowed to run down by gravitation, the men and women in the mean time disposing themselves about the vehicle, and holding on to impede its progress as much as possible. The men in front on either side plant their feet resolutely in front of them, and send the snow flying from their tracks like a pair of snow-ploughs, while those in rear hold on if possible, and take steps ten or fifteen feet in length. The speed increases as the bottom is approached, and some of the live brakes are seen rolling in the snow, the pace getting too severe for them. The dogs, loosened from the sled, their traces still held together at the ends by a seal-skin thong, come running, barking, and yelping after the sled, some of the slower ones knocked down and dragged along by their swifter companions. The scene is one of intense excitement, and it is well to make the descent upon the first sled, and as the impetus of the run carries you far out on the smooth ice of the lake at the foot of the hill, you can well enjoy the sight of seeing the others come down in the same way, while you are calmly re-adjusting your costume that has become disarranged in this lively method of rapid transit, or pick the snow out of your hood and ears, where it collected while you rolled down hill after letting go the sled.

Throughout our journey our main dependence for food was upon the game of the country through which we were travelling, as our sleds at starting carried but about one month's full rations for the entire party of seventeen people. This was an entirely new feature of arctic journeying, but was rendered feasible by the splendid equipment of the party, who had been supplied by the leading manufacturers with eight of the finest breech-loaders and magazine guns and a sufficient quantity of the best metallic cartridges. The result of our experiment proved the superior quality of American fire-arms under the most trying conditions of climate. We found game plentiful, and killed five hundred and twenty-two reindeer, besides many seals, polar bears, and musk-oxen, together with ducks, swans, geese, ptarmigan, and other small game, and this in a country pronounced entirely devoid of game.

On the 15th of May we encountered a camp of Ookjoolik and Ooqueesiksillik Esquimaux, the first we had seen since leaving Camp Daly. They were very much frightened when they saw the approach of so large a party, and imagined us a band of the warlike Netchillik tribe, of whom they stand in great dread. When within about five hundred yards of the village our sleds were halted, and the men, arming themselves, repaired in a body to open communication, as is the custom of the country. Arrived within a hundred yards of the igloos, two of our party, who were to act as spokesmen, advanced a short distance before us, and halting, began to shout the name of one of them, and announced that there were white men with the party, and that our object was a peaceful one. They recognized the name as that of a friendly Netchillik who was known to them, and soon one emerged from an igloo and asked a question, which evidently received a satisfactory answer, for the other men—nine in all—came out and arranged themselves alongside of the speaker; then all shouted, and we were told to advance. At first they seemed quite ill at ease, but soon were re-assured, and conversation became general. They all carried knives of home manufacture, but the weapons were not such as to inspire us with alarm. Bits of steel or iron fastened to long handles of wood, bone, or reindeer horn constituted the supply; and though they serve their purposes somewhat better than the stone instruments of earlier days, they were not much of an improvement. We decided to go into camp near them, and gather some information of the country, and interview them concerning Sir John Franklin's last expedition.

One old man we found to be an exceedingly important witness. He was an Ookjoolik Esquimau named Ikinnelikpatolok, and was the only person ever interviewed by white men who had seen the vessel of Sir John Franklin's expedition that had drifted down from where both were beset, near Cape Felix, and absolutely completed the northwest passage. All other information gathered from the natives was hearsay evidence entirely. He told us that while hunting the young fawn a great many years ago he and some others of his tribe had come across the tracks of four white men in the freshly fallen snow on the mainland of Adelaide Peninsula, and pointed out the spot on the map as near Smith and Grant points. Subsequently they found a big ship with "three big sticks standing up and one pointing out," about eight miles out in the sea, and near a large island. After repeatedly seeing the ship, and no one around it, they ventured to approach, and found it deserted. Not knowing how to enter the cabin by the door, they cut a hole in the side of the ship, and when the ice broke up in the summer the vessel filled with water and sank. Upon entering, they found the body of a white man dead in his bunk in the steerage. They also found plenty of knives and forks, spoons, plates, and tin cups, and also four cans that on opening were found to contain meat, with plenty of tallow mixed through it. A great many similar cans had been already opened, and their contents removed. It had been the habit of the Esquimaux to steal bits of iron and wood from the ship, and they were very sorry when it sank. For a long time afterward they could still see the masts sticking up out of the water, with some of the sails set, as when they first saw her. They never saw any one alive near her, but saw where dirt had been swept out upon the snow and ice that surrounded the vessel.

After leaving this camp we made a rapid march to Richardson Point, where on the ice in a bay close by upon the western side we found a large camp of Netchilliks engaged in cod-fishing with hook and line through the ice. Our meeting with them was attended with the same ceremonies that marked the meeting with the natives on Hayes River, with the exception that the Netchilliks sent an old woman out to interview us while still beyond the range of their bows, so that they would have time to defend themselves in case our intentions were hostile. They seemed pleased, however, to find that there were white men in the party, and that we desired to be friendly. One or two wanted to fight, we afterward learned, but were too sensible to undertake it when they ascertained we were armed with fire-locks. Here we found several interesting witnesses, and learned that about three miles further west was a place where, many years ago, they found a boat and several skeletons of white men, together with innumerable valuable relics, all of which had disappeared, except a few implements made of the wood and copper from the boat. This was the spot where, we subsequently ascertained, the important records of Sir John Franklin's expedition had been found and destroyed by the natives, and was the last point in the direction of Back's River ever reached by any of the crews of the ill-fated vessels. During the summer that we spent on King William's Land the natives found part of the skeleton of a man, where he had evidently wandered from the boat place, about five miles to the southwest, and his were the only remains, except those at this boat place and that on Erebus Bay, that had not received burial at the hands of their comrades. None of the dead had ever been neglected, though toward the end of their journey there was the saddest evidence of their reduced strength in the fact that graves had been made of small stones, when larger ones and better adapted to the purpose were close at hand.

Before leaving this camp there arrived one day an old woman named Ahlangyah, who told a most interesting and pitiful tale. Many years ago, she, with her husband, now dead, and a party of friends, met ten white men dragging a sledge with a boat near the eastern shore of Washington Bay, on King William's Land. They opened communication over an ice crack, and finally they went into camp together for five days, her friends in the mean time killing some seals, and dividing them with the white men. They gave her husband a chopping-knife and some other things, and finally all started for the mainland across the ice. The ice was in a very rotten condition at this time, and consequently the start was made at night, which at that season is as light as day, the sun being several degrees above the horizon at midnight. The Esquimaux not being weighed down with a heavy boat, and having the assistance of a few dogs, travelled more rapidly than the white men, and soon lost sight of them. They found the ice in such a condition that it was impossible to cross to the mainland, they therefore waited at Gladman Point for the white people to come up, but never saw them again, though they remained several days at that place fishing in the neighboring lakes. While in camp with them on Washington Bay, five of the white men had put up a tent on the shore, and the others remained with the boat on the ice. One of the men, whom they took to be chief, she said, was called Toolooah, another Agloocar, and another Doktook. She noticed that all had a black, hard, dry look about the mouth, and that the three named all wore gold spectacles. She and her friends spent the summer and following winter on King William's Land, and the subsequent spring found a tent place on Terror Bay which was filled with bodies, and had two graves outside. There was no flesh on the bones. It appeared to have been eaten off by wild beasts. Her face assumed the saddest expression as she related this horrible story, and all the natives present at the interview seemed to sympathize with the poor creatures whose condition she described so graphically.

Near Seaforth Point we met another band of natives, including an old woman named Tooktoocheer, and her son Ogzeuckjuock, the medicine-man of the Netchillik tribe, both of whom had been among the party who had first found the boat place we visited near Richardson Point. This place was called by Lieutenant Schwatka Starvation Cove. Here the two natives last named described a tin box about two feet long, and a foot square at the ends, which was sealed up, and on cutting open was found to contain books. The books were cast upon the ground by the natives, and the box taken away for a kettle. There can be little doubt but that these books were the records of the expedition. During the many years since the books were thrown away they have all been destroyed by the elements, or by children who carried them home for playthings.

On the Fourth of July we were at Cape Felix, the most northerly point of King William's Land, and the snow was found to be sufficiently melted away to allow us to commence our summer search. We unfurled the American flag in honor of the occasion, and commenced a systematic search over the ground. Most of the territory had been previously looked over by us, but it was our desire to make the search as complete as possible. At a point about a mile and a half north of Cape Jane Franklin we found an open grave containing a portion of a skeleton lying in and near it, and a medal in such a position as to indicate it to be the property of the deceased. This medal was awarded by the Royal Naval College to John Irving as a mathematical prize, and helped to identify the grave as that of Lieutenant Irving, of H.M.S. *Terror*. Here, also, we found a large quantity of interesting relics, and a record left by Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) McClintock, being a copy of the record left by Captain Crozier when abandoning his ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, after the death of Sir John Franklin and eight other officers and fifteen men. We brought with us the most interesting and important relics, the remains of Lieutenant Irving and the McClintock record, after erecting a cenotaph to the memory of the unfortunate officer. On Franklin Point we buried the remains of an unknown white man, and at Point Le Vesconte that of an officer. Just below the latter place we found another grave and partial skeleton, and on the south side of Erebus Bay came upon the boat place mentioned by McClintock. The boat had been destroyed by the natives, and the sled removed, but we brought away with us the prow of the boat, and the hand-rope by which the poor fellows had dragged their heavily laden sled, besides many other interesting relics. Here, also, we buried the remains of four persons, and, as usual, erected a monument to their memory.

At the dangerous rapids on Back's River we found a portion of the Ooqueesiksillik tribe, and from them procured a large supply of fish; but all our food was exhausted before we reached the reindeer country, which was where we left Back's River, near Mount Meadowbank, and struck directly across country for Camp Daly. We had encountered much severe weather since leaving Sherman Inlet; but the coldest we recorded, or that has ever been endured in the field by any one not native, was at our first camp after leaving Back's River, where, on the 3d of January, 1880, we saw the thermometer at −71° F., or, in other words, one hundred and three degrees below the freezing-point. During this entire month the average temperature was $-53\frac{2}{10}$° F. It was interesting during this unusually severe winter to notice the thorough acclimatization of all the white men. They suffered no more under the same circumstances than did their native allies, and they established the fact that white men in reindeer clothing can travel in the arctic regions during any season of the year, and with Esquimaux assistants can accomplish their journeys not only with entire safety, but in comparative comfort. They have also shown that white men can live upon the same food as the Esquimaux, for throughout our sledge journey such was the fact. Our diet after the first two months of the year consisted entirely of meat, either raw or cooked, and we in every way adapted our mode of life to that of the native Esquimaux.

After reaching the natives on the ice near Camp Daly, from whom we had parted a year before, we found them short of food, and also learned that the captain of the vessel who brought us into Hudson Bay had left with our provisions, which had been left in his charge. At this time a severe storm from the northwest set in, and made it impossible to successfully hunt the walrus, that constitutes the staple food of these people, and during twelve days we were upon the verge of starvation, compelled, before relief came, to subsist on the seal-skin traces of the dog harness, and scraps of seal and ookjook hide that had been set aside for making shoes. At last, after two or three days' total abstinence, the wind changed, and soon the camp rang with the lively news that a walrus had been killed. It reached camp about half past one o'clock, and from an hour after that until we retired at ten o'clock each of us had eaten about four good meals of raw and cooked walrus meat. Such is the Esquimaux habit, and it seems much easier to conform to the customs of the savages than to civilize the savages themselves.

Captain M. A. Baker, of the whaler *George and Mary*, whom we found wintering alone with his crew at Marble Island, was very kind to us. He took us aboard his vessel, and started for home on the 1st of August. After a pleasant though tedious voyage we were landed at New Bedford on the 23d of September, and once more enjoyed the comforts of civilization.

W. H. Gilder.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A New-Yorker advertised that for one dollar he would send directions how to cure a turn-up nose. A young lady who forwarded a dollar received the directions next day. She was advised to employ a blacksmith to strike her a heavy blow on the end of the nose with a sledge-hammer until a cure was effected. A very striking remedy, but she didn't follow the directions.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty-five summers remarked to her gentleman companion, "Tunnels are such bores!"—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of about sweet eighteen, who sat in the seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzes back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her, "I think tunnels are awfully nice."

"Are you any relation to my sister?" He blushed and stammered until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying, "No, but he'd like to be; wouldn't you, Alfred?" Cards will soon be out.

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist; "there's a lightning-rod man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a book agent out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and sail in."

The man who sank the first oil well is dead. The last woman to kill herself by pouring oil on the kitchen fire hasn't been born yet.

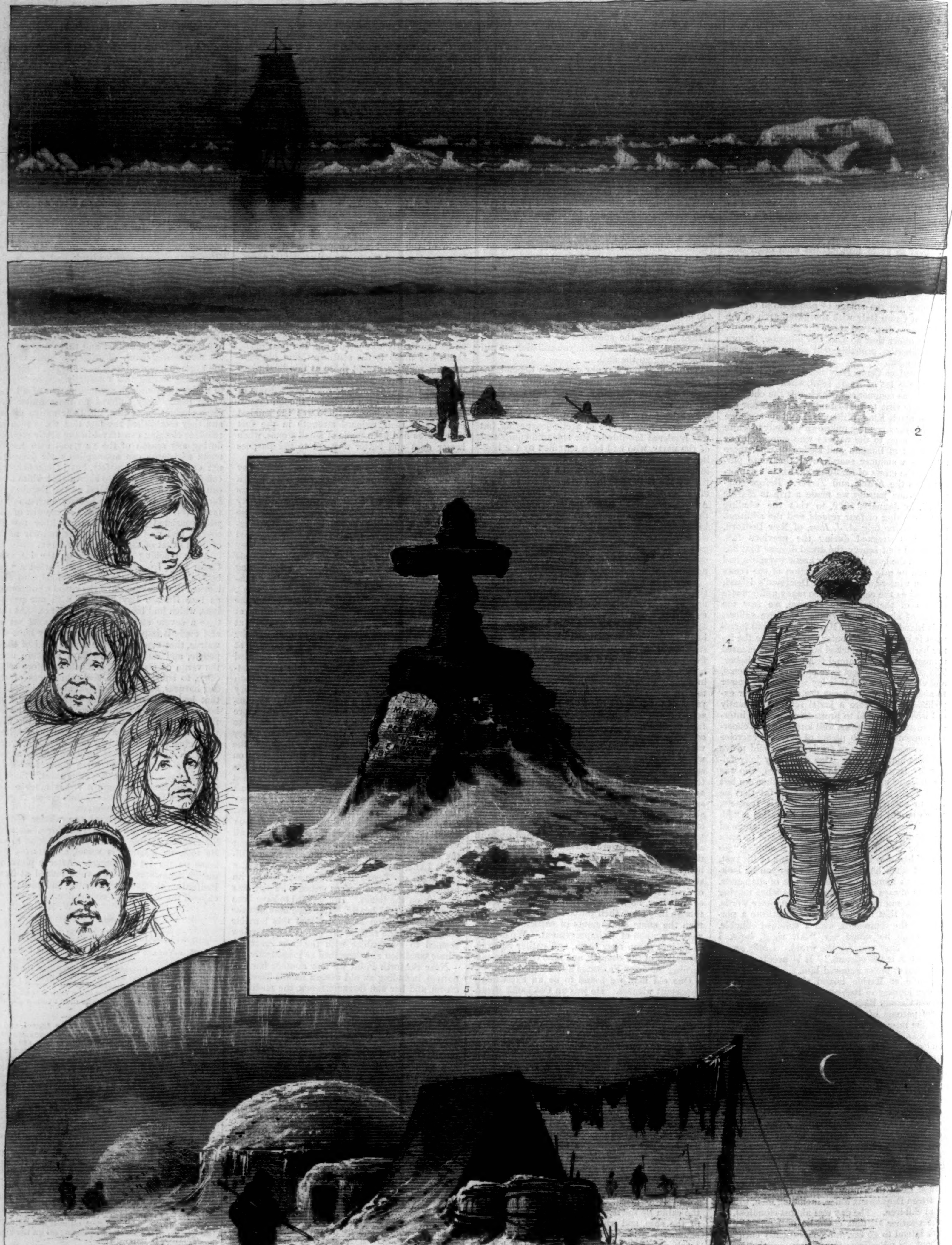
CONSOLING.

Poor Author. "Heavens, what a pain there is in my head!"

His Wife. "Complaining of that? You ought to be thankful there is anything in it."

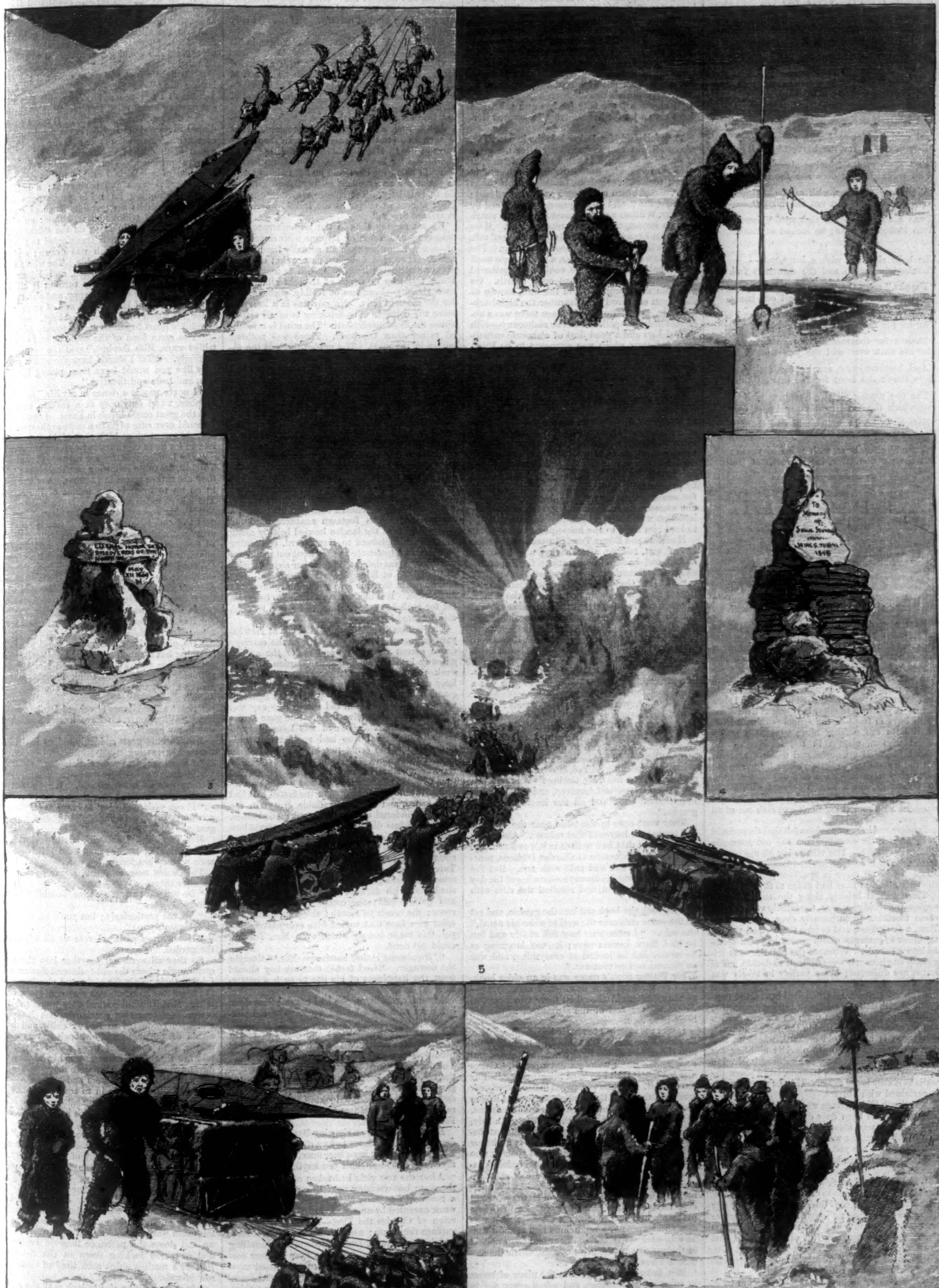
She asked the clerk if he was positive—thoroughly convinced the eggs were fresh. "Oh yes," said the young philosopher, "I know they are; why, the farmer said none of his hens were more than a year old." She bought a basketful on the spot.

"Bad cess to it!" exclaimed Mike O'Flaherty, upon learning that Garfield was elected. "Shure an' now we'll be ruined by Chinese chape labor." When asked where he worked, Mike replied, "I haven't wrought a shtroke for five years, but me old woman takes in washin', and Garfield wants the haythen Chinee to take the bread out of our mouths."



1. Nearing the Ice-Pack. 2. Smith Point, where the Northwest Passage Ship sank. 3. Group of Portraits; Toweeniah; Tooktoocheer; Ahlangyah; Ogzeuckjuock. 4. The Mate with his "Jib Pieces." 5. Monument at Starvation Cove. 6. Winter-Quarters at Camp Daly.

THE SEARCH FOR RELICS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY HENRY W. KLUTSCHAK.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



1. Arctic Rapid Transit. 2. Salmon-Fishing through the Ice. 3. Cenotaph erected by Captain Hall. 4. Lieutenant Irving's Monument. 5. Southwest Pass—the Sledge Party en Route, 6. Toolooah's Sledge. 7. Meeting the Ooqueesiksilliks.

THE SEARCH FOR RELICS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—From Sketches taken on the Spot by Henry W. Klutschak.—[See Page 774.]

RUTH AND BOAZ.

I.

THERE's a glowing flush in the eastern sky;
The old farm wagons go lumbering by.

Nor rick nor shock must the good man leave—
Behold! to-night is Thanksgiving-eve.

'Tis Boaz stops at his cottage door,
And thus he reckons his goodly store:

"There is wealth of kernel and wealth of root,
And beasts fore-quartered and yellow fruit,

And gold ears crested with silken foam,
All gathered in for the harvest-home."

Sweet Ruth comes tripping along the street;
With smile demure does she Boaz greet:

"Well fend ye, Boaz, with sand and loam;
I see the harvest, but not the home."

'Twas a simple maiden that spoke, forsooth.
Ruth looked at Boaz; he looked at Ruth.

II.

The bells ring out with a lusty pull—
Thanksgiving morn and the church is full.

"Thanks," cries the parson, with lifted hands—
"Thanks for the increase of all our lands.

"We give Thee thanks for the corn and oil,
Thanks for the fruitage that comes of toil;

"Thanks for the mercies we can not name,
The ills that went and the joys that came.

"And, brethren, now, ere we rise and sing,
Let's thank the Lord for the dearest thing:

"The one among all our blessings rare
For which the most in our hearts we care;

"Search ye, brethren, in mind and thought,
For the one great gift that the year has brought."

"Amen!" cries Boaz, with voice of youth;
But the parson stares, for he looks at Ruth.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LOVE IS A THING, AS ANY SPIRIT, FREE."

PAST a garden or two and a few cottages; a long garden wall with heavy coping, shutting in treasures of fruit and vegetables; an old inn; a new school-house built at the corner of a lane shaded by as stately an avenue of elms as any nobleman need desire for the approach to his mansion, and yet mansion there is none. The lane is only an accommodation road leading to somebody's farm. A youthful monitor is trying to drill some small boys in front of the school porch, and the small boys are defying him; whereat a shrill-voiced woman, unseen in the interior of the school, calls out an occasional word of reproof. All the houses in the little village belong to the past; they have the grace of a day that is dead. In a farm garden a buxom servant with kilted petticoat is feeding a family of gigantic hens and chickens with something thick and slab out of an iron pot.

Daphne and her companions felt that there could have been little change since the old romantic Elizabethan time. The village lay off the beaten tracks. Three or four modern houses, scattered about here and there in spacious gardens, were the only addition time had made to Shottery.

They walked briskly along the narrow road, across the bridge where the shallow streamlet came tumbling picturesquely over gray stones. Then a few paces, and before them stood the little block of cottages which genius has transformed into a temple. Whether the building was originally one house, it were difficult to decide. The levels are different; but a variety in levels was the order of that day. The whole block is a timber-framed structure—a panelled house, the panels filled with dab and wattle. Jutting casements, diamond-paned, look out upon an ancient garden and an ancient well. Beside the house and garden there is an old old orchard, where on this day a couple of sheep are placidly nibbling the sweet grass. The cottage is almost smothered in greenery. Honeysuckle, jasmine, hang about the walls as if they loved them. The old timber porch is curtained with flowers.

The South Hill carriage was waiting in the lane. The basket had been duly delivered over to Mrs. Baker. She was standing at the door awaiting them with a smiling welcome.

"So glad to see you, ladies. The kettle's on the boil, and you can have your tea as soon as you please."

"Thanks, you dear thing," cried Daphne, "but isn't it almost sacrilege to drink tea in his room?"

"It isn't everybody I'd let do it, miss; not any of those Americans; though I must say they're uncommonly civil, and know more about Shakspeare than the common run of English do, and are more liberal in their ways too," added Mrs. Baker, with a lively remembrance of half-crowns from transatlantic visitors.

"Mrs. Baker," began Daphne, in a solemn tone, laying a little primrose-gloved hand lightly on the collar of Gerald's coat, "you see this man?"

"Yes, miss, and a very nice-looking gentleman for anybody to look at," answered Mrs. Baker, smirkingly, making up her mind that the tall dark-eyed gentleman must belong to one or other of the two young ladies.

"He may be nice to the outward eye," said Daphne, gravely, "but he is dust and ashes inside. He is anathema maranatha, or he ought to be, if there were anybody in Warwickshire who knew how to anathematize him properly. He lives in this county—within twelve miles of this house—and he has never been to see the ingle-nook where Shakspeare courted his wife. I'm afraid it won't make the faintest impression upon his callous mind when I tell him that you are a lineal descendant of the Hathaways, and that this house has never been out of a Hathaway's possession since Shakspeare's time."

"I appreciate the lady for her own sake, and don't care a jot for her ancestry," answered Gerald.

They followed Mrs. Baker into the house-place, where all was cool and shadowy after the glare of sunshine outside. It was a low but somewhat spacious room, with casements looking back and front; recessed casements, furnished with oaken seats, one of which was known as the lovers' seat; for here, the lovers of the present day argued by analogy, William and Ann must have sat to watch many a sunset, and many a moon-lit sky. Here they must have whispered their foolish lovers' talk in the twilight, and shyly kissed at parting. The fire-place was in a deep recess, a roomy ingle-nook where half a dozen people could have gathered comfortably round the broad open hearth. On one side was a cupboard in the wall, known as the bacon cupboard; on the other the high-backed settle. Opposite the fire-place there was a noble old dresser—polished oak or mahogany—with turned legs and a good deal of elaborate carpentry: a dresser which was supposed to be Elizabethan, but which was suggestive rather of the Carolian period. The dark brown panels made an effective background for an old willow dinner service.

Daphne made Mr. Goring explore every inch of the house which Mrs. Baker was able conveniently to show. She led him up a break-neck little staircase, showed him lintels and door-posts, and locks and bolts, which had been extant in Shakspeare's time, made him admire the queer little carved four-poster which was older than the poet's epoch, and the old fine linen sheet, richly worked by patient fingers, which had been in the family for centuries, only used at a birth or a death. She excused him from nothing, and he bore the infliction with calm resignation, and allowed her to lead him back to the house-place in triumph.

Madoline and Edgar Turchill were sitting in the lovers' seat, talking, after having unpacked the basket, and made all preparations for tea, assisted by Mrs. Baker's modest handmaiden.

"Now, Mr. Goring," said Daphne, when she and Gerald and the old lady had rejoined the others, "how do you feel about that Channel Island cow?"

"Oh, I am content," answered Gerald, laughing at her. "I submit to the extortion; you carry matters with such a high hand that if you were to demand all my flocks and herds I should hardly feel surprised."

"Mrs. Baker," said Daphne, with a business-like air, "this gentleman is going to give you a cow."

"Oh, miss, you don't mean it, surely!" murmured Mrs. Baker, overcome with confusion.

"Yes; a lovely fawn-colored, hazel-eyed Alderney. Don't refuse her. He can as well afford to give you a cow as I can to give you a neck ribbon. When would you like the animal sent home? To-morrow morning? Yes, of course; to-morrow morning. You hear, Mr. Goring? And now you may consider yourself forgiven, and I'll show you the visitors' book and all the interesting autographs."

They went over to the table near the window, and turned the leaves of that volume. Alas! how many a hand that had written in it was now dust! Here was the signature of Charles Dickens, nearly thirty years old, and pale with age. But the descendant of the Hathaways remembered the day when it was written, and recalled the visit with pride.

"He took the book out into the garden, and sat on the stone slab over the well to write his name," she said. "I remember how full of life and fun he and Mark Lemon were; he was laughing as he wrote, and he looked at everything, and was so pleased and so pleasant."

Sir Walter Scott's name was in an older book. Both of these were as dead—and as undying—as Shakspeare. And against these two immortal names all the rest of the signatures in the big book were zero.

It was the merriest tea party imaginable. Mrs. Baker's best pembroke table had been brought into the middle of the room; her best tea-pot and cups and saucers were set out upon it. Cakes and hot-house fruit had been liberally supplied by Mrs. Spicer. Daphne whispered in her sister's ear a request that Mrs. Baker might be invited to join them, to which Madoline nodded a smiling assent. Was not the descendant of the Hathaways a lady, by right of her gentle manners and ancient descent? She belonged to a class that is an honor to the land—the honest independent yeoman who tills the soil his forefathers cultivated before him. The birth and death sheet in the oak chest up stairs was like a patent of nobility. And yet perhaps not one of these agricultural Hathaways had ever enjoyed as large an income as a first-class mechanic in a manufacturing town—a man who dies and leaves not a rap behind him to show that he was once respectable. They had been upheld in their places by the pride of race, which the mechanic knows not.

Mrs. Baker was installed in the place of honor in front of the tea-tray, and asked every one in her nice old-fashioned way whether their tea was to their liking. Upon being coaxed to talk she told stories about the defunct Hathaways, and explained how the house that had once been all one dwelling-place had come to be divided.

It was Daphne and she who supplied the conversation. The two young men looked on amused, Edgar openly admiring the bright, changeful face under the little Swiss hat, Lina content that her sister should be so innocently glad.

"Oh, how happy I am!" cried Daphne, suddenly, in a pause of the talk, clasping her hands above her head in a kind of ecstasy. "If it could only last!"

"Why should it not last?" asked Edgar, in his matter-of-fact way.

Gerald looked at her gravely, with a puzzled look. Yes; this was the girl who had stood in the dazzling sunshine beside the lake at Fontainebleau, in whose hand he had read the forecast of an evil fate.

"God help her!" he thought. "She is so impulsive—such a creature of the moment. How is such a one to travel safely through the thorny ways of life? Happily there seems little fear of thorniness for her footsteps. Here is my honest Turchill dying for her—and just the kind of man to make her an excellent husband, and give the lie to palmistry. Yet it seems a commonplace fate; almost as vulgar as the Italian warehouse in Oxford Street."

He sat musing thus in the lazy afternoon atmosphere, and watching Daphne with something of an artistic rather than an actually friendly interest. It seemed a shallow nature that must be always expressing itself in speech or movement. There could be no depth of thought allied with such vivacity—keenness of feeling, perhaps, but for the moment only. Nobody was in a hurry to leave the cottage. Tea-drinking is of all sensualities the most intellectual. The mind is refreshed rather than the body. There was nothing coarse in the meal. The golden tinge of the almond pound-cake—a master-work of Mrs. Spicer's—contrasted with the purple bloom of grapes and blue-gages, the olive tint of ripe figs.

"We are making such a tremendous meal that I'm afraid we shall none of us do justice to my mother's dinner," remonstrated Edgar at last, "and that will make her miserable."

"A quarter to seven," said Gerald, stealing a glance at a little effeminate watch. "Don't you think it is time we should descend from this Shakspearean empyrean to common earth?"

This was the signal for a general move. The heavy, comfortable-looking old carriage-horses had been walked up and down in shady places, while the portly coachman dozed on his box, and the more vivacious footman anathematized the flies. And now the landau bowled briskly along the smooth high-road to Hawksyard, containing as cheerful a quartette as ever went out to dinner.

Madoline was delighted to see her sister so happy, delighted at Edgar's obvious devotion. She had no doubt that his love would be rewarded in due course. It is in a woman's nature to be grateful for such honest affection, to be won by such disinterested love.

The brazen hands of the old clock at Hawksyard indicated a quarter to eight as the carriage drove across the bridge and under the arched gateway into the quadrangular garden, with its sunk pathways, and shallow steps and border lines of crumbling old stone. Mrs. Turchill was standing on the threshold—a dignified figure in a gray poplin gown and old thread-lace cap and ruffles—ready to receive them. She gave Madoline her blandest smile, and was tolerably gracious to the rival who had spoiled her son's chances; but she could not bring herself to be cordial to Daphne. Her silk bodice became as rigid as an Elizabethan corset when she greeted that obnoxious damsel. She had a shrewd suspicion that it was for her sake the fatted calf had been killed, and all the available cream in the dairy squandered upon sweets and made dishes, with a reckless disregard of next Saturday's butter-making. Yet as Daphne shyly put out her hand to accept that cold greeting, too sensitive not to perceive the matron's unfriendliness, Mrs. Turchill could not but own to herself that the minx was passing lovely. The brilliant gray eyes, shadowed with darkest lashes; the dark brows and golden hair; the complexion of lilies and roses; the sensitive mouth; the play of life and color in a face that varied with every thought—yes, this made beauty which even Mrs. Turchill could not deny.

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" thought the dowager. "God forbid that my boy should trust the happiness of his life to such a butterfly!"

Inwardly rebellious, she had nevertheless done her duty as a good housekeeper. The old oak-dadoed drawing-room was looking its prettiest, brightened by Oriental jars and bowls of bright commonplace flowers. The silver chandelier and fire-irons were resplendent with recent polishing. The diamond-paned lattices were opened to admit the scent of heliotrope and mignonette from the garden on the other side of the moat; while one deeply recessed window looking into the quadrangle let in the perfume of the old-world flowers Francis Bacon loved.

Edgar insisted upon showing Daphne the house during the ten minutes before dinner.

"You have only been here once," he said, "and my mother did not show you anything."

After the two girls had taken off their hats in the state bed-chamber next the drawing-room—a room whose walls were panelled with needlework executed by an ancestress of Edgar's in the reign of Charles the First—they all went off to explore the house; ascending a steep secret stair which they entered from a door in the panelling of the dining-room; exploring long slippery corridors, and queer little rooms that opened mysteriously out of other rooms, and triangular dressing closets squeezed into a corner between a chimney and an outer wall; laughing at the old furniture—the tall toppling four-post bedsteads, the sage-green tapestry, the capacious old grates, or still older brazen dogs, the inimitable Dutch tiles.

"It must be heavenly to live in such a funny old house," cried Daphne, as they came cautiously down the black oak staircase, slippery as glass, pausing to admire a ramshackle collection of Indian curios and Japanese pottery on the broad window-ledge half way down.

"If you would only try it," murmured Edgar, close in her ear, and looking ineffably sheepish as he spoke.

Again the all-significant words fell unheeded. She skipped lightly down the remaining stairs, protesting she could get accustomed to them in no time.

"'So light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,'" said Gerald.

"Didn't I tell you so? You can't live without quoting him," cried Daphne, triumphantly.

The dinner went off merrily. It was a capital dinner in a good old English style, ponderous but excellent. There were none of those refinements which distinguished the board over which Mrs. Ferrers presided. The attempts at elegance smacked of a banished era: a turbot decorated with sliced lemons and barberries; a befrilled haunch, exhibiting its noble proportions in a heavy silver dish; a superabundance of creams and jellies and trifles and syllabubs; an elaborate dessert lying in state on the sideboard, to be slowly and laboriously transferred to the polished oak after the cloth was drawn; and the coachman to help wait at table. The whole thing was rustic and old-fashioned, and Edgar was afraid Daphne was secretly turning it all into ridicule. Yet she seemed happy, and she said so much in praise of Hawksyard, and of the perfect order in which the house was kept, that Mrs. Turchill's heart began to soften toward her.

"You seem fond of the country, and of countrified ways, Miss Daphne," said the matron, relentingly. "Yet I should have thought a young lady like you would have been pining for London, and balls and theatres."

"I never was at a dance in my life," answered Daphne, "and only once at a theatre, and that was the great opera-house in Paris. I don't think I should ever care to go to a meaner theatre. My thoughts went up so high that night, I shouldn't like to let them down again by seeing trumpery."

"The London theatres are very nice," said Mrs. Turchill, not quite following Daphne's idea; "but they are rather warm in summer. Yet one likes to go up to town in the height of the season. There is so much to see."

"Mother's constitution is cast-iron when she gets to London," said Edgar. "She is up at six every morning, and goes to the picture-galleries as soon as the doors are opened; and does her morning in Hyde Park; and her afternoon in Regent Street, shopping, or staring in at the shop windows; and eats her dinner at the most crowded restaurant I can take her to; and winds up at the theatre. I believe she'd accept a lobster supper in the Haymarket if I were to offer one."

"Has Miss Daphne never been in London?" asked Mrs. Turchill.

"Oh, please don't call me miss. I am never anything but Daphne to my friends."

"You are very kind," answered Mrs. Turchill, stiffening; "but I don't think I could take so great a liberty with you on such a short acquaintance."

"Short acquaintance!" echoed Daphne, laughing. "Why, you must have known me when I was in my cradle."

Mrs. Turchill grew suddenly red, as if the idea were embarrassing.

"I was invited to your christening," she said; "but—afterward—there were circumstances—Sir Vernon was so often abroad. We did not see much of you."

"If you wish me to feel at home at Hawksyard you must call me Daphne, please," said the girl, gently.

Mrs. Turchill did not wish her to feel at home at Hawksyard; yet she could not refuse compliance with so gracious a request.

The ladies rose to retire, Edgar opening the door for them.

"Do you want any more wine, Turchill?" asked Gerald.

"No, not particularly; but you'll try the other claret, won't you?"

"Not a drop of it. I vote we all adjourn to the garden."

So they all went out together into the twilit quadrangle where the old-fashioned flowers were folding their petals for night and slumber, while the moon was rising above a cluster of stone chimneys. Mrs. Turchill walked once round the little inclosure, discoursing graciously with Madoline, and then confessed to feeling chilly, and being afraid of the night air, although a very clever doctor, with somewhat new-fangled ideas, had told her that the air was as good by night as by day, provided the weather were dry.

"I think I'll go in-doors and sit in the drawing-room till you come in to tea," she said. "I hope you won't think me rude."

Madoline offered to go with her, but this Mrs. Turchill would not allow.

"Young people enjoy a moonlight stroll," she said; "I liked it myself when I was your age. There's no occasion for any of you to hurry. I shall amuse myself with the *Times*. I haven't looked at it yet."

The four being left together naturally divided themselves into two couples. Gerald and Lina seemed fascinated by the flowery quadrangle, with its narrow walks and ancient dial on which the moon was now shining. They strolled slowly up and down the paths, or lingered beside the dial, or stood looking down at the fish-pond. Daphne's restless spirit soon tired of these narrow bounds.

"Is there nothing else to look at?" she asked.

"There are the stables, and the dairy, and the farm-yard. But you must see those by daylight; you must come here for a long day," said Edgar, eagerly. "Would you like to see the garden on the other side of the moat?"

"Above all things."

"It is very flat," said Edgar, apologetically.

"All the better for tennis."

"Yes, the lawn would make a magnificent tennis ground. We might have eight courts if we liked. But it is a very commonplace garden after South Hill."

"Don't apologize. I am sure it is nice; a dear old-fashioned sort of garden—hollyhocks and sunflowers and things."

"My old gardener is rather proud of his hollyhocks."

"Precisely; I knew he would be. And that horrid MacCloskie will hear of nothing but the newest inventions in flowers. He gives us floral figures in Euclid—floral hearth-rugs sprawling over the lawn, as if one of the house-maids had taken out a Persian rug to dust it, and had forgotten to take it in again. He takes tremendous pains to build up beds like supper dishes—ornamental salads, don't you know—and calls that high-art gardening. I would rather have your hollyhocks and sunflowers, and the old-fashioned scented clematis climbing about everywhere in a tangled mass of sweetness."

"I'm glad you like antiquated gardens," said Edgar.

They went under the archway, which echoed the sound of their footsteps, and round by a gravel-walk to the spacious lawn, and the long border which was the despair of the gardeners when they tried to fill it, and which yet provided flowers enough to keep all the sitting-rooms bright and sweet with summer bloom. The moon was high above Hawksyard by this time—a glorious harvest-moon, pouring down her golden light upon tree and flower, and giving intensity to the shadows under the wall. The waters of the moat looked black save where the moonbeams touched them, and yonder under the tall spreading walnut boughs the gravel-walk was all in shadow.

Daphne paced the lawn, disputing as to how many courts one might have on such an extensive parallelogram. She admired the height of the hollyhocks, and regretted that their color did not show by moonlight. The sunflowers appeared to better advantage.

"What awful stories poets tell about them!" said Daphne. "Just look at that brazen-faced creature, smirking at the moon, just as if she had never turned her face sunward in her life."

Edgar was in a sentimental mood, and inclined to see things from a sentimental point of view.

"It mayn't be botanically true," he said, "but it's a pretty idea all the same;" and then he trolled out, in a fine barytone:

> "No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close;
> As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
> The same look which she turned when he rose."

"What's the use of singing that, when you know it isn't true?" cried Daphne, contemptuously. "Do you suppose a stiff-necked thing like that, with a stalk half an inch in diameter, could turn and twist from east to west every day without wringing its head off? The idea is obviously absurd. What lovely old walnut-trees!" she exclaimed, looking across the lawn. "Centuries upon centuries old, are they not?"

"I believe they were planted soon after George the Third came to the throne."

"Is that all? They look as old as the Wrekin."

They strolled across the wide lawn, and in among the shadows of the old trees. The cows were moving stealthily about in the meadow on the other side of the fence, as if sleep were the last thing they ever thought of.

"And you really like Hawksyard?" demanded Edgar, earnestly.

"Like it! I think it quite the most delicious place I ever saw. Those high dadoes; those deep-set stone-mullioned windows; those eccentric little bedrooms; that secret staircase, so sweetly suggestive of high treason. The whole place is so thoroughly original."

"It is one of the few moated granges left in England," said Edgar, with conscious merit.

"It is quite too lovely."

"Daphne, do you really mean what you say?" he asked, with sudden intensity. "Are you only talking like this to please me—out of kindness?"

"If I have a fault, it is the habit of blurting out what I think without reference to other people's feelings. I am thoroughly in earnest about Hawksyard."

"Then be its mistress," exclaimed Edgar, taking her hand, trying to draw her toward him. "Be queen of my house, darling, as you have long been sovereign mistress of my heart. Make me the happiest man that ever yonder old roof sheltered—the proudest, the most entirely blessed. Daphne, I am not poetical or clever. I can't find many words, but—I love you—I love you."

She laughed in his face—a clear and silvery peal—laughed him to absolute scorn, yet without a touch of ill-nature.

"My dear Edgar, this is too much," she cried. "A few months ago you were fondly, devotedly, irrevocably in love with Lina. Don't you remember how we sympathized that afternoon in the meadows? This is the sunflower over again—first to the sun, and then to the moon. No, dear Edgar, never talk to me of love. I have a real honest regard for you. I respect you. I trust you as my very brother. It would spoil all if you were to persist in talking nonsense of this kind."

She left him, planted there, still as a statue, frozen with mortification, humiliation, despair.

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all."

He had tried his fate—hopefully, confidently even—lured on by her deceptive sweetness; and all was lost.

She had run lightly off; she was on the other side of the lawn before he stirred from the attitude in which she left him; his hands clinched, his head bent, his eyes staring stupidly at the gravel-walk.

"She does not care a straw for me," he said to himself, "not a straw. And I thought she had grown fond of me—I thought I had but to speak."

A friendly hand touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was Gerald, the man for whom Fate had reserved all good things: unbounded talents, unbounded wealth, the love of a perfect woman.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Gerald, heartily. "Forgive me if I heard more than you intended me to hear. Mrs. Turchill sent me in quest of you and Daphne, and I came up—just as you—"

"Just as I made an ass of myself," interrupted Edgar. "It doesn't matter. I don't a bit mind your knowing. I have no pride of that kind. I am proud of loving her, even in vain."

"Don't be down-hearted, man. A girl of that kind must be played as an expert angler plays a frisky young salmon. She has refused you to-night; she may accept you three months hence."

"She laughed at me," said Edgar, with deepest despondency.

"It is her disposition to laugh at all things. You must have patience, man, patience and persistence. 'My love is but a lassie yet.' Thy beloved one still delights in the green fields; her tender neck can not bear the yoke. Wait, and she will turn to thee as—as the sunflower turns to the sun," concluded Gerald, having vainly sought a better comparison.

"It doesn't," cried Edgar, dejectedly. "That is what we have just been talking about. The sunflower is a beastly humbug."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REV. CHARLES S. BROWN.

The Rev. Charles S. Brown, for the last five years Superintendent of the Ladies' Five Points Mission House in this city, died at Nyack, New York, after a brief illness, on Sunday, November 14. Mr. Brown, whose portrait is given on page 780, was highly esteemed by all who knew him for his uprightness of character, genial Christian feeling, and for his devotion to his work. He was born in Ulster County, New York, and at the time of his death was about fifty-six years old. He received a liberal education at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and soon after graduating entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was charged with various missions throughout the country, and showed himself to be possessed of considerable executive ability. In the spring of 1875 he was transferred to the Five Points Mission, where he remained until his death. His services as Superintendent contributed largely to the success of that institution, and his loss will be deeply felt.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LUCRETIA MOTT.

At the age of seventeen, Lucretia Coffin married James Mott, who, like herself, was a member of the Society of Friends. Even at this early age she gave evidence of a taste for oratory, which made her prominent in Quaker meeting, and her husband, a strong, wise man, had the good judgment to put no restraint upon her in this respect, though he himself was reserved and retiring, seldom taking any active part in the services of the meeting. As a young girl, Mrs. Mott was very beautiful. Her face had the charm of delicate and regular features combined with great strength of character; her eyes were peculiarly bright and intelligent, and ordinarily seemed gray. When she became animated in conversation, however, they would deepen and darken until they appeared to be almost black. By the side of her husband, who was an unusually tall and muscular man, she appeared like a sprite, so small and slight was she of stature and figure; and in the simple dove-colored Quaker dress, with the crossed white muslin kerchief at the neck, and the prim little Quaker cap, she made a picture which was very pleasing to look at.

On many subjects her views were in advance of the times. Long before the abolition of slavery her sympathies were enlisted for those in bondage, and she lectured at the North and at the South on the subject. Many a runaway found refuge and protection in her home until he could be passed on to others waiting to receive him, and so get beyond reach of the law. Her convictions on this question made her many enemies, and during a great riot in Philadelphia, years ago, the furious mob fixed upon her house for one of its acts of outrage. They were rushing madly on, shouting, "To Lucretia Mott's! Lucretia Mott's!" when a friend of hers rushed to the front, and assuming command of the crowd, joined in the cry, "On to Lucretia Mott's!" leading them on through street after street, getting them farther and farther away, until finally, when they had reached a distant part of the city, he fell back, and left them in confusion. Unfortunately they gave vent to their fury by burning the Colored Orphan Asylum, which was near. All colored people know the name of Lucretia Mott; many a colored child has been called after her, and indeed this distinction belongs not to the colored class alone. When Lord and Lady Amberley were in this country they visited Mrs. Mott, and the daughter born to them on their return to England was named Lucretia Mott Amberley.

When the question of women's rights came up, Lucretia Mott advocated the theory, but neither in the words she uttered on this subject, nor, in fact, on any other, was there anything but what was suggestive of the highest refinement and modesty. No one ever heard, for no one ever breathed, a word in contradiction of the gentle womanliness of Lucretia Mott. She spoke in public because she was conscious of a power which impelled her to do so. Like the noble Methodist woman in *Adam Bede*, it was "as if speech came to her without will of her own, and words were given to her that came out as the tears come, because our hearts are full, and we can't help it." This was the secret of her eloquence, and possessing this gift, she never made use of notes. Of all the prominent American women of this century, there is probably not one so little associated with that which is disagreeable in publicity, and yet there is none who has been more prominently before the public.

Yet her home was in no way neglected. She was a housekeeper of the good old school, and her four daughters were brought up to be the same. In the home life there was an atmosphere of peace and harmony that was almost ideal; and that this was greatly due to the absolute union and sympathy existing between herself and her husband, on whom, strong woman as she was, she leaned greatly, and whom she always revered as stronger than herself, there can be no doubt. She was fond of all domestic occupations. She enjoyed knitting and sewing, and worked much for the poor. At the age of eighty-six she threaded her own needle easily. The making of rag carpets was an amusement for her after her eyesight had begun to fail. Her children and grandchildren saved for her all odds and ends of colored stuffs, which she cut into strips, sewed together, rolled up into snug balls, and then sent to the weavers to be made into rugs. She was very fond of having color about her, though, because a Quaker, she never wore it. She had it about her house in the shape of warm-toned carpets and window-curtains, and felt little sympathy for those of her sect who would have it kept out of sight. She also was so far emancipated from the prejudices of Quakerism as to permit a piano in her house and paintings upon her walls.

Until she grew too feeble it was her custom to make her own pies and cake. She preferred to do this, believing that delicacies of this sort should not be left to the questionable cleanliness of a servant's hands. The Christmas mince-pies and goodies sent every year, with some gift of clothing, to each poor family in her neighborhood, were always made by herself or by one of her daughters, who later on succeeded her mother in these duties.

Mrs. Mott was a woman who spent next to nothing upon herself, but lavished her money upon others. It must have been from this spirit of personal economy that a habit grew which afforded much amusement to her family and friends—that of writing on the inside of old envelopes, which she took pains to open with the utmost care, and on blank pages or half pages torn off of letters she had received. In vain did her friends remonstrate, in vain did she receive munificent gifts of note-paper; she preferred the old half sheets and envelopes, and never could be induced to give them up.

She was very particular in some ways. She liked to have things made to order, and in her own particular way. She had three hobbies—precision, generosity, and a desire to serve the poor. If a grandchild or near relative was married, her gift of silver was munificent; but that silver was always made after one approved pattern. What she saw in the stores did not suit her, and she employed a poor but excellent silversmith living in a little shop, and had everything made after the pattern of her own wedding silver.

Her sympathy for the poor led her not unfrequently in winter to remove some portion of her own warm clothing to throw over a half-frozen woman who came begging to the door.

I recollect passing the stone wall of her country home near Philadelphia, which was on the road-side—and, in fact, called "Road-side"—one day in summer, and seeing ranged on the top of it rows of pears and apples: there had been more than sufficient for family needs, and these were placed there for children passing by.

It was the custom of Mrs. Mott and her family to breakfast in winter not later than seven, and in summer as early as half past six o'clock. In the long summer mornings she liked to get up an hour or two before the rest of the family, and gather the vegetables or fruit for the day. She would start out with her dress tucked up, a pair of thick-soled shoes on her feet, a huge sun-bonnet on her head, and a good-sized basket on her arm; but after she had announced one very hot morning at breakfast that she had that day picked and counted fifteen hundred peapods, her children most peremptorily put a stop to this occupation, which, though amusing, was also fatiguing to the old lady.

She possessed a delicate appreciation of fun, and was full of dry humor. Once, during a visit from her husband's brother, like Mr. Mott, a very silent man, she became suddenly aware of the absence of these two members of the family, and started off to look for them. She found them seated on either side of a large wood fire in the drawing-room, and joining them, she said, "Oh, I thought you must be here, it was so quiet!"

Mrs. Mott was a profound student of the Scriptures, and took great interest in every species of religious controversy. In the last years of her life she conceived an especial liking for the writings of Dean Stanley. One little book in particular she always kept near her, and generally offered to persons visiting her, with the request for their opinion of it. This work was entitled *Hopes of Theology*, and took its name from one of three sermons delivered by the Dean of Westminster before the University of St. Andrews, published in one volume. She liked them all, but the one on the prospects of theology impressed her as particularly broad and thoughtful. The writings of this practical and clear-headed man appealed to her searching intellect more forcibly than those of more emotional divines, for the religion she preached and the religion she practiced was practical, manifesting itself in a life of noble deeds and a never-ceasing sacrifice of self.

Mr. Mott died about fifteen years ago, and since his death Mrs. Mott has been much of an invalid. From several of her attacks of illness it was thought she could not rally. She not only did so, but until within the last few weeks retained her wonderful intellect unimpaired. In spite of great suffering, her activity and cheerfulness never flagged. She frequently rose from a sick-bed to attend a Quaker meeting, or would suddenly conceive the notion to take a journey to New York, Boston, or Auburn, New York, where she had near relatives, always anxious to welcome her, and no force of persuasion could stop her, though she was perhaps thought too ill to leave her home. She felt that she understood herself better than doctors or any one else, and I do not know that she ever was the worse for these expeditions. Out of five children, but three are living, Mrs. Edward M. Davis, Mrs. George W. Lord, and Mr. Thomas Mott.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Another mining horror is added to the long list of disasters under-ground. So sudden and so mysterious are these oft-recurring colliery accidents that frequently all that is known of details amounts to little more than that a certain number of miners went down into the pit one day alive, and never came up again.

On the morning of November 12 a terrible explosion took place on the south side of Ford Pit, one of the Albion Mines, in Stellarton, Nova Scotia. It is supposed there were about fifty men in that part of the pit where the accident occurred who were unable to escape. A few injured workmen were rescued, and those who were in the north part of the mine were not only unhurt, but many of them did not even know of the disaster until hours afterward, when they came up to dinner. The cause of the explosion is unknown; but whenever the deadly coal-gas is combined with air in certain proportions, it becomes explosive, and then a spark of fire, a lighted pipe, or an open lamp is fatal. It was impossible, on account of the fire which spread through the pit, to reach the scene of the disaster, and finally it was found necessary to flood the mine to check the raging flames. Stellarton is in Pictou County, about one hundred miles northeast of Halifax, and is often known by the name of Albion Mines. Great quantities of excellent bituminous coal come from this region.

William Holman Hunt's noble picture, called "The Shadow of Death," now on exhibition in this city, has attracted great attention, and re-awakened the old controversy over the merits of the "pre-Raphaelite" school, of which he is one of the most prominent members. The particular characteristic of this school is a careful and even rigid adherence to natural forms and objects. Its members are not less earnest than others to have unity in each of their works; but they are more particular than others about matters of detail, and the smallest object in the picture is painted with as much painstaking accuracy as is the most important figure. They find their subjects, too, in common life, and do not restrict themselves to the departments of mythology and conventionalism which find so much favor in the eyes of others. They have, in fact, tried to do in painting what Wordsworth sought to accomplish in poetry, and very much with the same result, for just as that poet occasionally provoked laughter when he sought to move to something deeper, so some of the works of the pre-Raphaelites have been assailed with ridicule, not always undeserved. But, on the other hand, just as Wordsworth's "We are seven" will always bring tears to the eyes of its readers, so there are pre-Raphaelite paintings which will continue to defy all hostile criticism. Their authors have raised a protest against unreality, and though they may have in some cases carried that too far, yet their motives have been of the purest, and the general effect which they have produced on art has been wholesome. A reproduction of one of Mr. Hunt's most celebrated pictures, "The finding of Christ in the Temple," will be given in *Harper's Young People* for December 7.

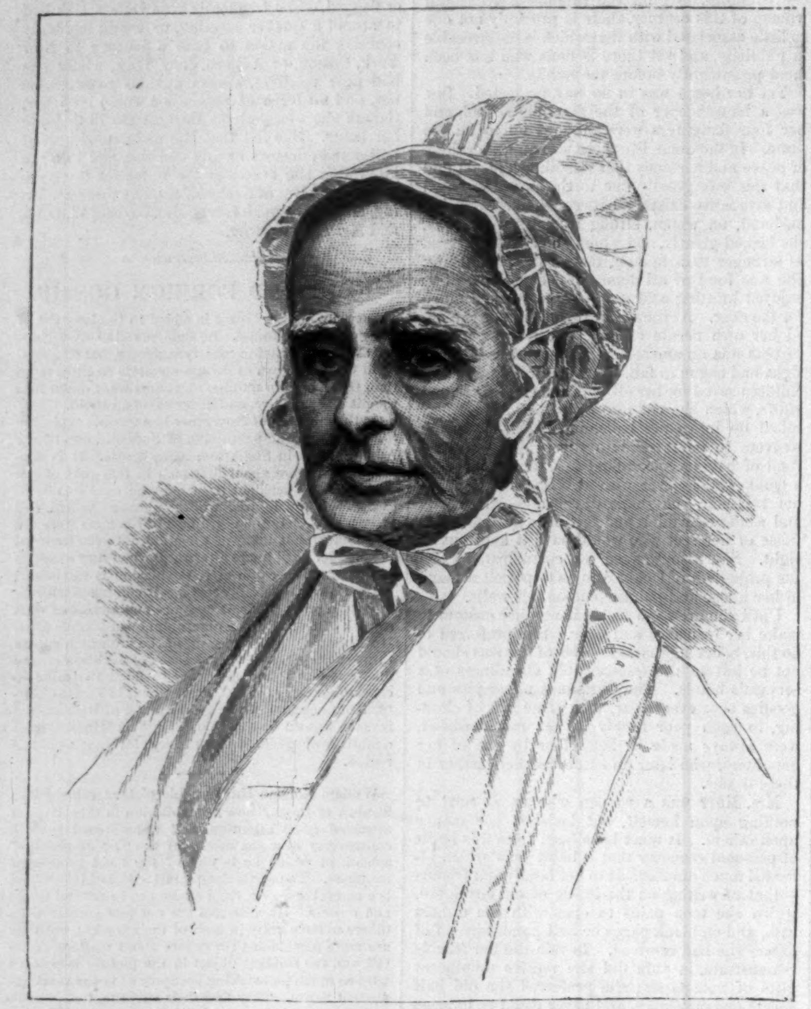
Medical science seems to develop but slowly, while in other lines of science there is rapid progress, constant inventions and discoveries being made. Diseases continue their fatal march unchecked, utterly baffling the skill of the physician in cases where it would seem that remedies should exist. Diphtheria, that dreadful and insidious disease, is unusually prevalent this season, and very fatal. While it breaks out in unwholesome localities, and where there is defective sewerage, it also appears in places where apparently all sanitary measures have been adopted. There is room for inventions and discoveries and genuine philanthropic genius in the medical world.

Another. One evening a week or two ago several men were sitting around the fire at a boarding-house in Bardell City, Pennsylvania. The fire began to burn low, and one of the company dipped a cupful of oil from a bucket near by and poured it upon the coals. The oil remaining in the cup caught fire and burned his hand, when he threw the blazing mass away, and it fell into a bucket nearly full of oil. An explosion followed. The clothing of the men was covered instantly with flaming oil, the house was burned to the ground, and eight persons were the victims of this rash deed.

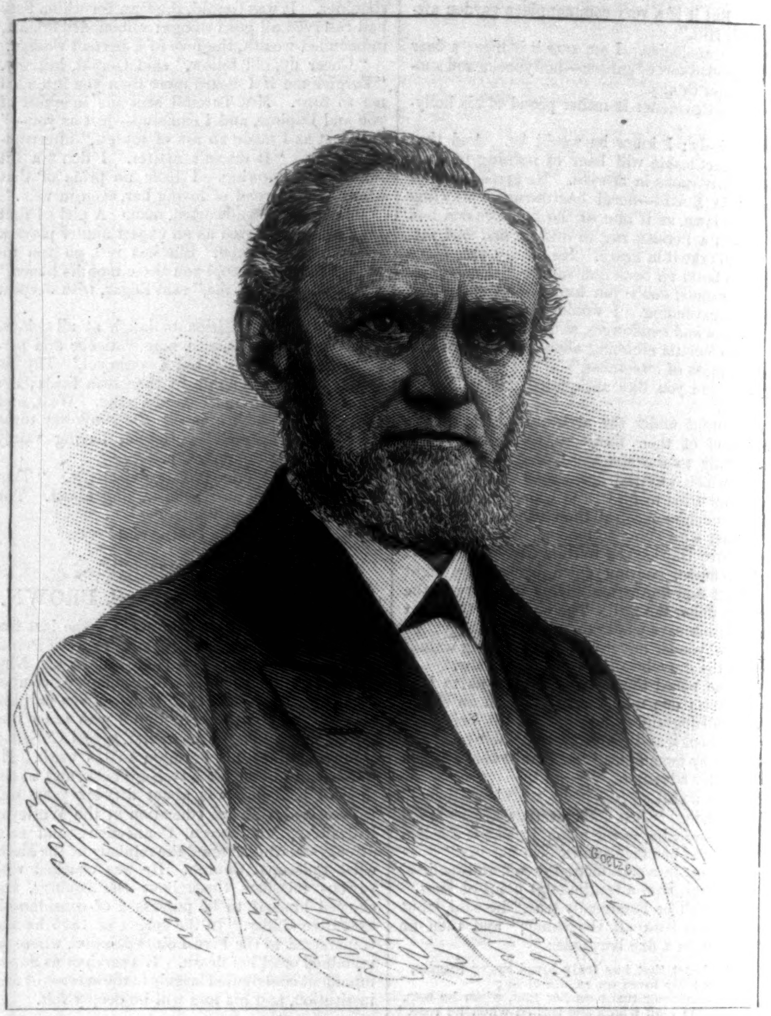
St. Louis demanded that a second census enumeration of the city should be made, the first being in the opinion of the citizens too small to be correct. The June enumeration showed a population of about 333,000. The people wanted it to be 500,000. So six months afterward another trial was made, with a result of 338,862, no effort having been spared to swell the enumeration as high as possible. It is hoped that this result will be satisfactory to all concerned.

Curious, very, was the way in which a new island recently sprang into existence among the Azores. Suddenly a large slice of the island of St. George launched itself into the sea to a distance of about three hundred meters. Some cattle grazing on the island at the time were not in the least discommoded, but were found quietly feeding on the new island.

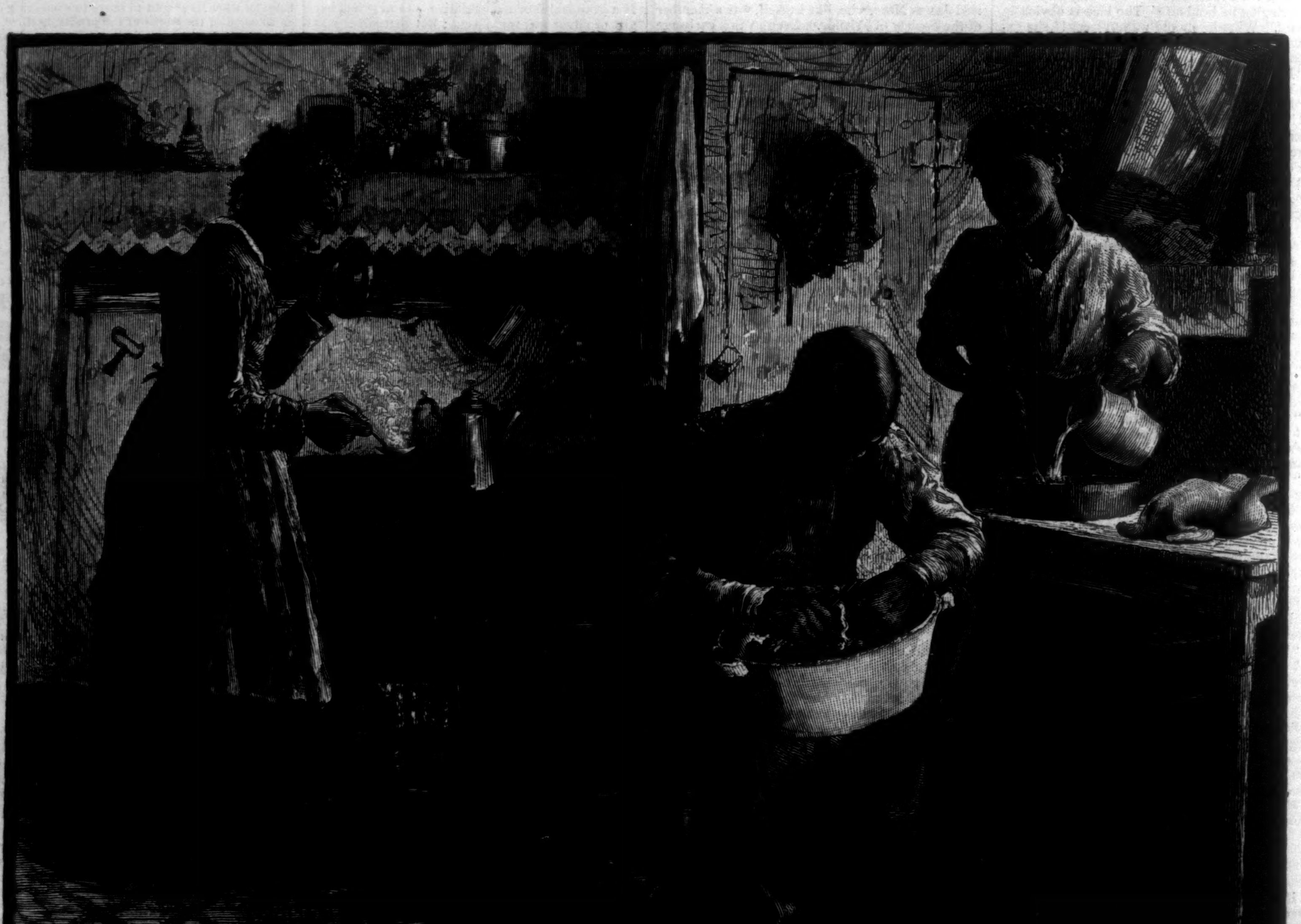
It is only about three years since the State Insane Asylum at St. Peter, Minnesota, was finished. It was a fine structure, and nearly ten years were occupied in building, the cost being $500,000. The fire by which the north wing of the asylum was destroyed on November 15 was a terrible disaster, the horror of the scene being intensified by the wild fright of the six hundred patients, who, on being released from the burning building, fled into the bitter cold, some even burying themselves in the snow in their unreasoning terror. Some, however, refused to leave the building, and at this time it is not certainly known how many of these unfortunates perished by fire and exposure. It is believed that the loss of life was large, although everything possible was done for the protection of the sufferers.



LUCRETIA MOTT.
Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 779.]



THE REV. CHARLES S. BROWN.
Photographed by Bogardus, Broadway and Eighteenth Street.—[See Page 779.]



PREPARING THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

INSIDE SOUTHERN CABINS.

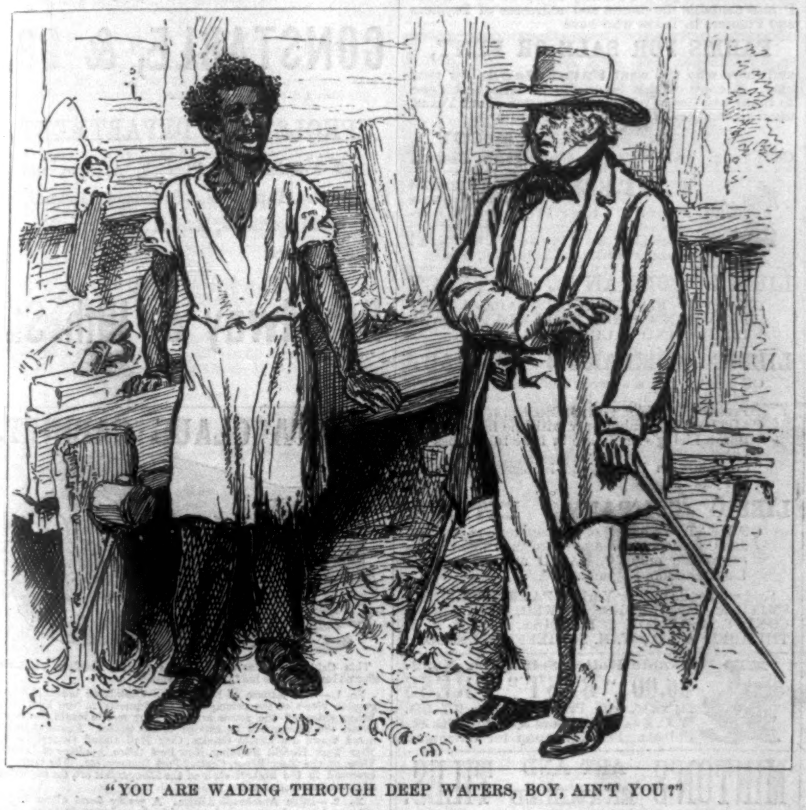
IV.—ALABAMA.

AGRICULTURAL NEGROES.

THE negro life I came in contact with in Alabama was mainly agricultural, and it was a very pleasant change from the city life of the race that I saw in Charleston and Atlanta. Physically the Alabama negroes are very large and strong, and in this respect resemble those of Georgia, though mentally and morally I doubt if they are quite equal to them. At any rate, they are more inclined to treachery, not, perhaps, to the whites, but among themselves. For this reason all the secret societies formed to protect their labor rights have hitherto been failures. Many have been organized, but in no single case have the members been faithful to their obligations.

But this is true only of the men. A finer race of *working-women*, and one more loyal to their people and cause, does not exist. Indeed, the women are the real stamina of this locality, and all efforts to combine for mutual protection must fail until the women take the direction of such efforts. For they are the workers and the providers; they can keep a secret, and they can fulfill a promise. There is another reason why no organization excluding women could succeed here, namely, if all the men in this neighborhood refused to work for the wages offered them, it would make little matter as long as the women did not strike. "They would step in," said a white citizen of Talladega to me, "and do any kind of work, except barbering, better than their husbands."

I met a woman who lived a few miles from Talladega, and she showed me $98, the receipts from her own little cotton patch, and, said she, "I ploughed, and I sowed, and I hoed every lick of it myself; and I picked it, and got it baled, and sold it too."



"YOU ARE WADING THROUGH DEEP WATERS, BOY, AIN'T YOU?"

This is no extraordinary case. I met everywhere in the neighborhood of Talladega women not only able but eager and willing to do more than a man's work, if by it they could only send their children to school. I noticed, also, as a result of this predominating female energy, that here *the girls* as well as the boys are sent to school. In Georgia even there was a feeling that a girl's education was rather a luxury, or a secondary matter. They have the same hard struggle here to obtain a little learning; what opportunities there are are dear for their means, and often far away, and they make large sacrifices for the purpose, and generally at pitiful odds. They are noble mothers, fighting life in a terribly narrow arena.

AMBROSE HEDDEN, a colored man of high standing in Talladega, and universally respected by the better class of citizens, told me a very interesting incident about the Baptist College in Talladega. "I sawed," he said, "the first plank and knocked off the first shaving for the white Baptist College in 1852. I was a slave then, and I put $900 worth of work on the building—my master's donation to the college. Many a time when I was busy there I used to wonder what I and my people had done that we could not be educated also. The Lord was better to me than I trusted. I lived to see my sons and daughters, every one of them, graduate from its halls."

MR. HEDDEN's house is one of the most comfortable homes in Talladega, and while sitting in its pretty parlor he told me the story of the sale of his wife and the same four children who have since graduated. As this story shows one of the most kindly and amiable sides of slavery, I think it only just to tell it.

"One morning," said he, "old Aunt MARY came to me, and after making me promise not to say a word to anybody, she told me she had overheard MR. HUNT—that was my wife's master; I belonged to MR. HEDDEN—making arrangements to sell my wife and four little children. I had promised to say nothing, and for several days I carried this grief on my heart; and never had my work seemed so hard and hopeless. One morning I was sent to Lawyer ——'s office with a message.

"'All right, HEDDEN,' said the lawyer, when I had delivered it.

"There was a man sitting there, and when the lawyer said 'HEDDEN,' he kind o' looked up, and pulling a paper out of his pocket, read aloud, 'MARY HEDDEN' (for in Alabama the wife took her husband's name), 'AMBROSE HEDDEN, ANDREW HEDDEN, KATE HEDDEN, ALICE HEDDEN—why, them five will be my property soon,' says he.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and they are my wife and children. Oh, Mr. ——, it is dreadful when a man has to sit still and bear all this.'

"'Come, AMBROSE,' said the lawyer, 'don't take on so hard; perhaps they won't be sold far away.'

"Now I could speak of it without hurting any one, and I went that night to see MR. HUNT, and he promised me he would not sell them until I had tried to get some one in Talladega to buy them."

"Why did you not ask your own master, MR. HEDDEN, to buy them?" I inquired.

"Because my wife had never done field-work, and she wasn't able for it, either, and Mr. and Mrs. HEDDEN were people who did not like to keep a woman round the house for nothing but house-work. But next day, when I was at my work, old master he came down where I was, and says he—you know he talks with a lisp, and very slow—says he, 'Well, AMBROSE, you are wading through deep waters, boy, ain't you, AMBROSE?'

"'Yes, sir.'

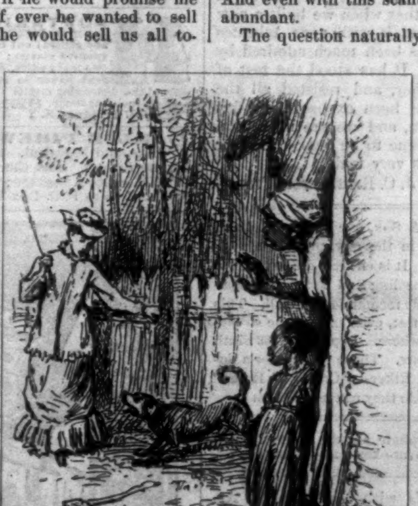
"'Yes, yes, just so. Why didn't you come to old master about it, now, AMBROSE? Eh, AMBROSE?'

"I didn't answer, and says he, 'Come, now, AMBROSE, why didn't you come to old master about it?'

"So I just up and told him; and when I got through, he said, 'Yes, yes, AMBROSE, I see. Now you go hitch up, and take old misses down to see your wife and children, AMBROSE, and if she likes them, I'll buy them, and I'll promise you your wife shall never go into the field, AMBROSE.'

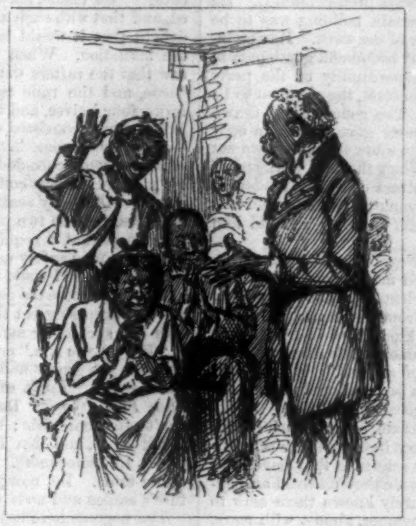
"Then I asked him if he would promise me one thing more—that if ever he wanted to sell my wife and children, he would sell us all together. And he promised me that wherever one went, the others should go too. Well, old misses was delighted with my wife and the children, and after a little trouble about the price, old master bought them; and he kept his word, both he and old misses, and no one in bondage was ever more kindly dealt with than they dealt with me and mine."

With the exception of MR. HEDDEN's and a few other houses, the homes of the colored people are miserable as can be. They are usually log-huts of one room, with a chimney of mud and logs, and a rickety door that answers both for door and window. Yet nearly all these one-roomed cabins shelter some homeless, friendless old man or woman, whom freedom left without a protector, aged, sick, and decrepit. I think this universal and kindly care of the old victims of a dead wrong is one of the most beautiful traits of humanity I ever saw.



"THE DOG WON'T BITE YOU."

Outside Talladega there are two suburban settlements of negroes, called Needmore and Knoxville. The huts here are usually surrounded by rail fences, not of the open zigzag form, but of stakes driven into the ground close together. Every hut is guarded by the biggest and most ferocious dogs I ever saw. I became convinced here that I bore a charmed life, or else I certainly should have been either torn to pieces or frightened to death. Curiosity led me into yards which seemed to be safe enough, but before I could reach the door, I had to retire against the fence, and defend myself with a stout cane, which I carried for the purpose, while I shouted aloud for help. This usually alarmed all the dogs in the neighborhood, and by the time the mistress appeared—quite as often from her neighbor's house as her own—I had made a vow, which I always broke, never to go inside a negro's fence again.



"DAR, NOW, BILL, DAT 'LL DO FOR YOU!"

The aggravation was nearly always increased by the smiling information that "the dog wouldn't bite me." One woman told me that I must call upon her between meals, and then her dogs—four immense ones—would not hurt me, but that they would tear any one to pieces, black or white, who opened the gate while the meals were on the table. They profess to keep these brutes to protect their chickens—a very unnecessary amount of protection, it struck me; and I strongly suspected that dog-fighting was a prevalent amusement among them, though all denied it.

I found the women here a little more careful as to their appearance than the same class were in Georgia, and their homes were not quite as filthy. I do not mean that they were clean, but only that they were a little above the average dirt line—that is all. Homespun and the white or colored head-cloth, or turban, are more worn here than in Georgia, for the Alabama women seem to have a natural aptitude for the loom. They do all their own spinning and dyeing and weaving; and I have seen designs which they have drawn and worked out, of which the least praise that can be given them is that they were exceedingly pretty.

I went once to another colored settlement, called Lawson, and MRS. LAWSON showed me some of the most beautiful white counterpanes I have ever seen. From the sowing of the cotton to the knotting on the handsome fringe that finished them, all was her own work. This woman had taken the prize for two years at the State Fair, not only for her fine work, but also for her beautiful designs. When I called on her, she was drawing a pattern for the quilt she purposed sending to the next State Fair.

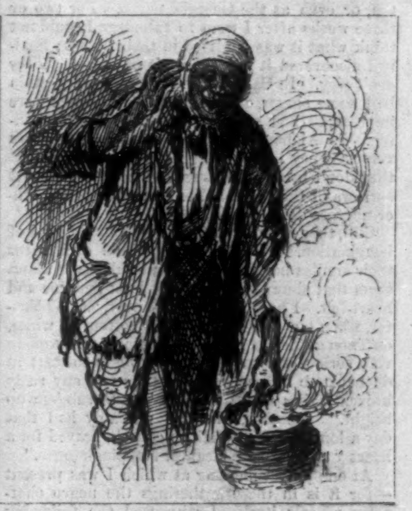
The patches of ground around these cabins are generally sown with corn and vegetables, the cotton patches being further away. But the fields of both black and white, with few exceptions, are disgracefully cultivated. Most of them are full of old stumps, or of trunks of great trees that have either been killed by burning, or else by cutting a gash all round the roots, through which the tree bleeds its life away in streams of amber resin. The planting is of the most primitive kind: the briers are cut down, the seed scattered over the ground, and then ploughed in. "We do dat way 'count ob de lan' being so rich," said an old man to me. And even with this scanty labor the crops are abundant.

The question naturally rises, How does it happen that the colored people are so poor in such a rich country? Mainly because they are so shamefully cheated when they work a farm on shares, and very few of them have the little capital necessary to work on any other plan. "Why," said a prominent man in Talladega to me, "you can get a nigger to put in a whole year's work on your place, give him some corn and bacon to feed himself and family, take the crop to town, sell it, and put the money in your pocket, and if you clap the nigger on the shoulder, give him a quarter, and say, 'Well, John, we ain't made much this year, but we'll do better next, maybe,' he's satisfied." Yes, satisfied, just as a child who knows it is wronged, but has neither the skill nor strength to right itself, is satisfied.

As a usual thing, the agreement is to work the farm for a third of the cotton and a fourth of the wheat and corn; and I have known instances where they have been told that "the crop didn't make any third or fourth," and the negroes were so ignorant as to believe this a reasonable excuse. It is a very common trick to get one or two colored families on plantations, and agree to provide for them food, shelter, and clothes from spring to harvest, the negro to pay the planter interest for such provision out of the proceeds of his share of the crop. The shelter is the ordinary miserable cabin; the food corn meal and bacon; the clothing is usually that cast off by the white family. Yet all the time the negro is paying interest to the planter, who is supposed to be providing real comforts for his family, and not only to the planter, which is perhaps just, but also to the store-keeper who is supposed to be lying out of the interest on the goods supposed to be provided. I tried in several cases to explain to them the folly of paying interest twice over on the same bill, but the whole interest question is a puzzle to them over which they shake their heads in hopeless despair.

Then, again, the negro has a mule, horse, or ox to provide, and this has to be bought and fed on the same principle; still, the crops are generally so large that the colored partner believes himself perfectly safe. Then comes the harvest; the white partner sells the cotton, corn, and wheat, and without thinking it necessary to render a bill of totals, let alone items, he tells the negro that it has taken everything to pay what he owed him and the store-keeper, and that in fact he is twenty, forty, or fifty dollars in debt, and must remain and work it out.

This information, and much more of a similar kind, was given me both by black and white men whose truthfulness I have not the slightest reason to doubt; besides, it agrees exactly with what most of the colored women told me, and with much that I myself observed. Still, though this robbery is very general, there are honorable exceptions, and the plan of working on shares has been frequently proved to be good and fair for the negro laborer, if he falls into honest hands, or if he is clever enough to understand what rightly belongs to him, and to insist on having it.



PAP APPEARS.

The negroes here are very good farmers, and from such rich land ought to draw at least comfort and respectability; but they are as ignorant as little children, and *it is so easy to rob them* that the temptation to do so is irresistible, except to very honest men. Besides, either through ignorance or carelessness, they neglect the most obvious means of protecting themselves, as the following instance will show.

Quite a number of colored families went some miles away from Talladega, and settled a little place, which they called after their leader—Lawson. (This LAWSON was the husband of the woman whose fine designing and weaving I have spoken of.) They cleared the land, and made such improvements as a colony so humble could afford. But they neglected to enter their land, and a white Baptist minister went to Montgomery, entered the land as his own, and turned out the colonists almost at an hour's notice. It said something for their perseverance that instead of going back to town, they struck deeper into the pine forest, cleared new ground, and began again.

For such wrongs as these there is practically no redress: except at election times the negro has few friends and little influence. A few here and there are sufficiently educated to know their rights, and morally strong enough to insist on having them. But I am not speaking of these exceptions, but of a great nation of poor, helpless, ignorant *children*—children in everything but physical strength, for they have in a remarkable degree a child's bitter sense of injustice, a child's secret, futile anger, and perhaps a child's foolish dream of some future revenge.

I am not making these statements without being sure as to what I say; even such a man as Ambrose Hedden, whose natural intelligence is of a high order, can not always protect himself. He told me that when a certain building was to be erected he had the offer of the work. Having inquired carefully of many prominent gentlemen in Talladega as to the responsibility of the party building, he took the contract, the payment to be in three installments. The contract was drawn out by a lawyer who never gave Hedden a copy of it, and who refused to allow the one drawn out to leave the office. When the last payment of $200 was due, the contract could not be found, and the man who had employed Hedden told him that he did not owe him anything, and bid him "go to the devil."

When I was in Talladega a wealthy planter deliberately shot a colored man, wounding him severely, because he accidentally dropped his gouty foot as he lifted him from his carriage. There was no action of any kind taken in the matter, and no more severe comment made than that "the Blanks were all *very high spirited*." At the same time I saw in Talladega jail a colored man whose crime was carrying concealed weapons.

I have often heard it said, even by their Northern teachers, that negroes have no sense of gratitude or of honor. For gratitude they have little opportunity, and whenever they received an honest kindness, I have rarely known them slow to acknowledge it. I remember, almost with tears, little "widows' mites" of offerings, whose very poverty made them almost sacred. As for their sense of honor, I could give instance after instance of scrupulous regard to contracts, when ruin to themselves was the consequence.

I knew a colored man who was studying for the ministry, and who got into debt for his tuition. This seemed to be a case where the end might have excused the fault. But he never thought of shirking his obligation on that ground. His wife, though she had been raised as a house-servant, and was a slight, delicate-looking woman, went up to Alabama Furnace, took up ground, and worked in the fields herself, to pay his missionary teachers. I spent a night at the pretty home she had made among the pines, and she showed me with honest pride a fine cow, a pretty mare, some pigs and chickens, all of which she had bought with her own labor. When I called on her she was in the field sowing rye As a rule I found the negroes afraid of debt, and willing to give the one thing they had to give—their labor—in payment of any bill, just or unjust, that is urged against them.

They are much more quiet and decorous in their religious services than I expected to find them; but this is quite natural, for they are not under any circumstances as demonstrative as the Charleston, or even as the Georgia negro. For two or three weeks after I went to Talladega I could not think what it was I missed in their homes; finally I discovered it was the want of music. *They don't sing.* In Carolina and Georgia every cabin had some singer, and very often the songs were impromptu, and referred to events just happening. In Alabama I never heard an impromptu verse. They indeed sing in their churches, but they don't break into song over all the joys and sorrows of their simple life as I have heard other negroes do.

Still, they are not wanting in a humble kind of imagination. When under spiritual excitement their similes have a kind of natural flavor about them that shows them to be at least genuine and heart-felt. I heard one old man pray, "Good Master, when our heads are like de cotton, all white, do Thou gather us into Thy keeping." A woman very seriously asked the "Lord Jesus to start at de back ob de house, and if thar war any rusty knives laying round, to help 'em to rub 'em up bright." Another, who had probably had that day a long and dirty walk to church, prayed for a heart "to choose de cleanest stepping-stones."

At one prayer-meeting at which I was present—for it is in these gatherings the negro character reveals itself—I witnessed the following amusing scene. Two women, Aunt Lucy and Aunt Phœbe, had had a bitter quarrel. After it Aunt Phœbe fell ill. On the night of which I speak, Uncle Bill, the husband of Aunt Lucy, led the prayer-meeting; and in the warmth of his exalted position he forgot all about the quarrel between his wife and Aunt Phœbe, and began praying fervently for the sick woman. The injured wife bore it but a very few minutes, ere she called out in great anger:

"Dar, now, Bill, dat'll do fur you! Dat prayer don't go no higher nor de roof!"

I am compelled to say that Bill and his prayer subsided before the furious woman, and that a hearty hymn scarcely concealed the general laugh against him.

In the outside churches the congregations are collected by blowing long tin horns, it being understood that at the third horn service begins. But no people can have less conception of the importance, or of the flight, of time, and I have seen them come in as the benediction was being pronounced. All during service they go in and out, get a drink, or a smoke, and come back whenever they please.

Their churches are little log-huts in the pine forests, and I have some very pleasant and very funny memories connected with them. One day I was met as I was coming out of one by a little old woman as black as a crow. She took firm hold of me, and insisted that she had made a fine dinner for me, and I must go home with her and eat it. I looked at her, and I thought I should like to go home with her very much. So I followed her down the cone-covered hill-side, and over half a dozen rail fences, till we came to the very smallest house I ever saw in my life. An old man, with a white night-cap tied under his chin, made his appearance from out a dense smoke, as the little old woman called, "Here we are, pap; whar are you?"

Then it appeared he had been smoking his bacon, and he dived back into the smoke, and brought out an iron pot half full of burning corncobs. "Go inside, ma'am," he begged, and bowed, and that with such an expression of pride and delight that it would have been a sin to refuse the invitation. When the room was cleared, I saw that the rafters were hung with half-smoked bacon, and the rude table was laid with three forks, four knives, and two or three coffee-cups.

The dinner consisted of three pieces of chicken—very small—some bacon and greens, four little sausages, some corn-dodgers, a small indescribable pie, and the best coffee the dear old soul knew how to make. My seat was in danger of falling to pieces, and the two prongs of my fork were so wide apart that it required some careful guiding to get the food safely as far as my mouth. But what of that? I could see nothing but the childlike delight of the old couple, whose life-long poverty had been so great that they honestly thought they had spread for me quite a noble feast.

"Eat all you kin," cried my hostess, piling on my plate the greens and bacon—"eat eberything on de table. 'Tain't often I go on a spree, *but when I do, I go it.* Don't I, pap? I tell you, I don't often entertain; but once in a while I jist break loose, and den I sprees roun'. Don't I, pap? Hev some more. Do, now. Hev all there's on de table. Do, now;" and the dear old creature's smiles and nods were wonderful.

The negroes here light their houses almost altogether with fat pine; and I have spent many happy hours about these blazing hearths, listening to histories which had far more of romance in them than what usually goes by that name. For instance, sitting one night by the comfortable fire-side of a very excellent house, the proprietor of it told me that he had been a wretched slave in that very house, and that he had determined, on being set free, to become master where he had once been a slave. Between the determination and the realization lay a heroic story, too long to tell here, but he had compassed the utmost of his wishes.

I am aware that these little incidents touch only one or two points of a many-sided nationality; but, as far as they go, they truthfully index a wide and interesting chapter, which either as good citizens of a great republic, or as good children of a common Father, we can not read too soon or too carefully. B.

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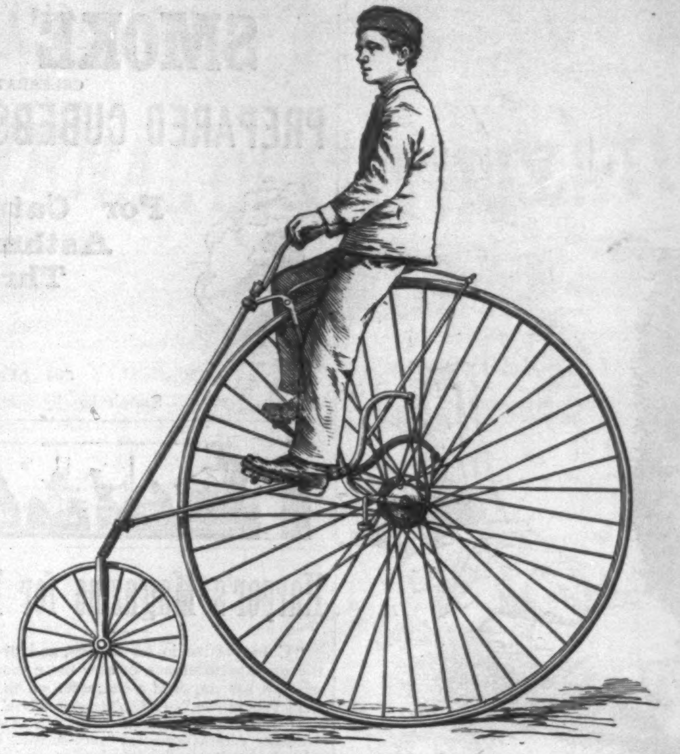

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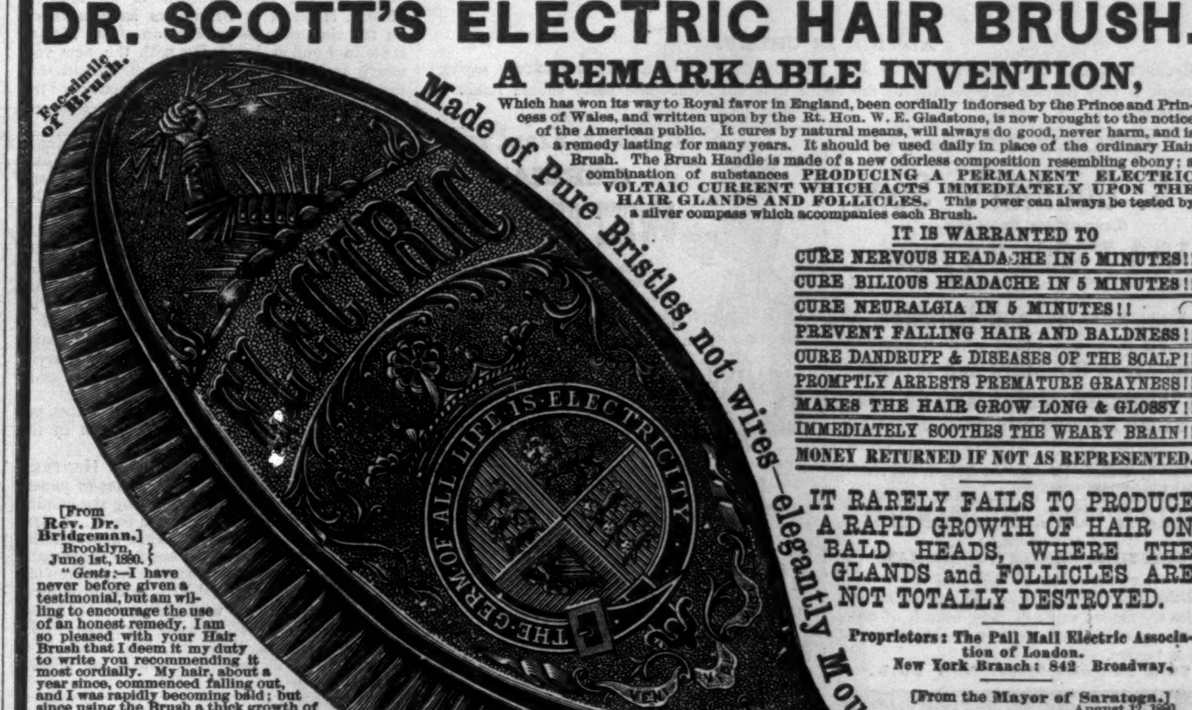

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